SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR MAY

Saturday Review of Literature

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". . . the demonic Goebbels helped burn Germany out." (See page 10)

Notes on An Island: Part II

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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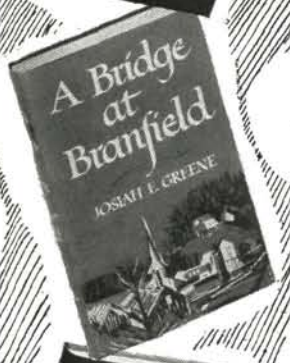

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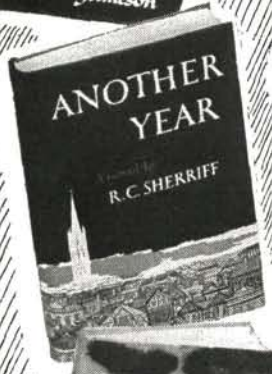

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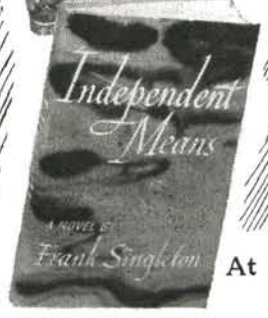

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April 24, 1948

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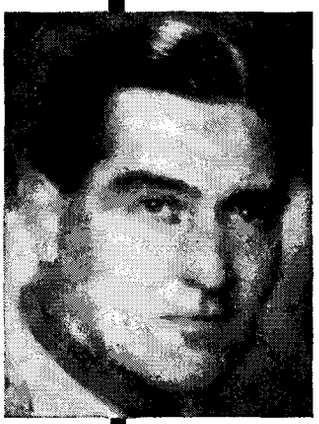
Panthers' MOON



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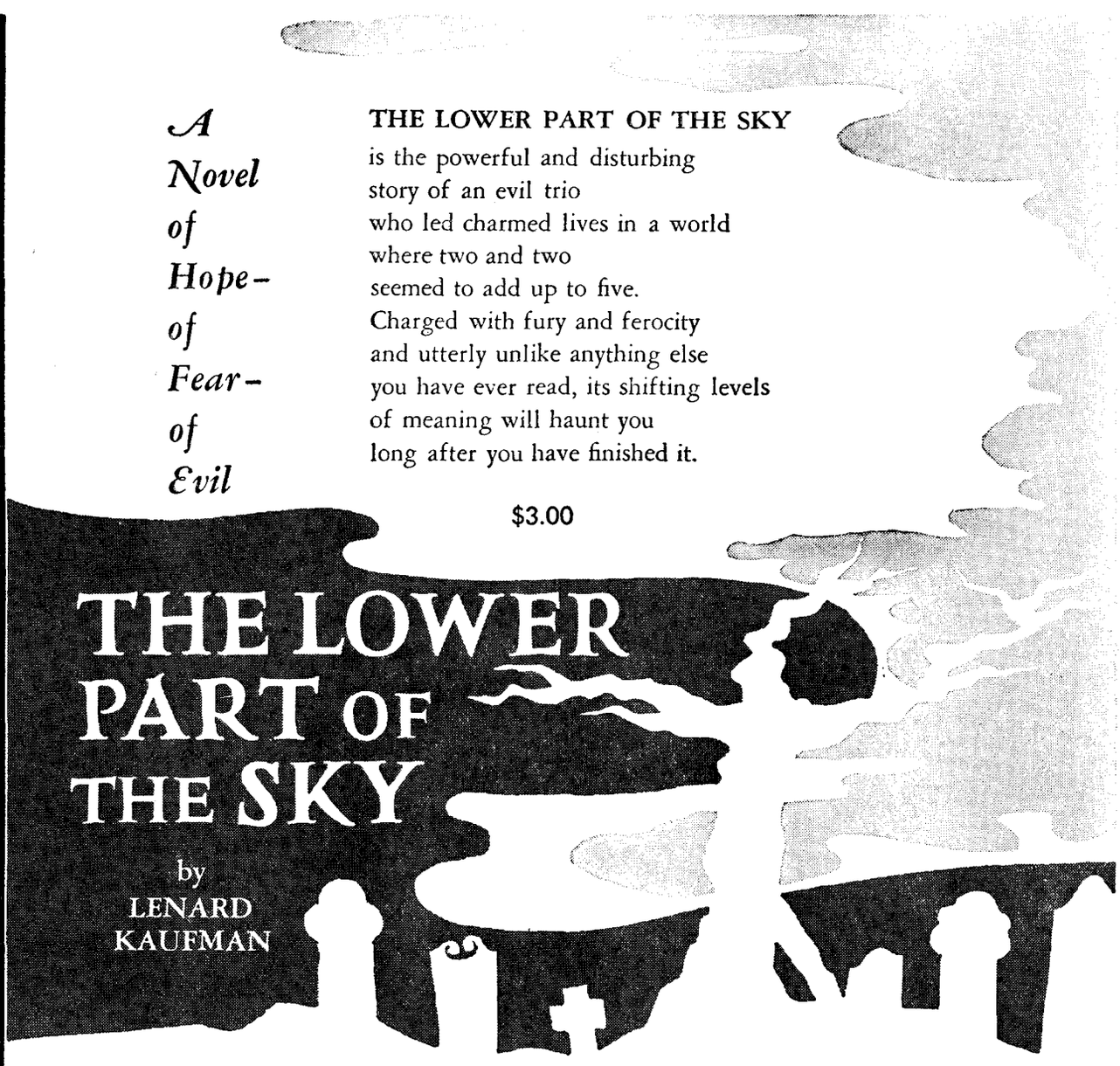

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TRADE Winds

I INTERRUPT A SERIES of leisurely travelogues to bring you the latest news from Publishers' Row.

By all odds the most startling development of the season was the sudden resignation of Milo Sutliff from the Doubleday organization. He had controlled the advertising and promotion of all the Doubleday book clubs since their inception, and risen to the position of vice-president of the entire firm. The abrupt announcement of his departure, therefore, left everybody in the trade agog.

Sutliff, however, soon ended speculation about his future plans by sending telegrams proclaiming his election to the presidency of the Fiction Book Club, thereby renewing his old association with John Stevenson. The Fiction Book Club has increased its membership many thousands in the past year by means of a prize contest that seemed very corny to sophisticates but evidently wowed booklovers in the tall timber. It remains to be seen whether Sutliff, Stevenson, and their able editor, Clip Boutell, can hold on to the thousands of new members secured by such unorthodox methods.

Sutliff's first move, apparently, will be to buy other existent book clubs and merge them with the Fiction Club operation. Some of the clubs started in the past few years, when the goose was hanging so high, have been tottering on the brink for months and will welcome a rescuer with sighs of relief.

Meanwhile, Doubleday was fortunate in having a worthy successor to Sutliff right in its own ranks. Milt Runyon, one of the kingpin advertising executives of our time, inherits the job of piloting the Doubleday clubs, with John Beecroft, famed member of the Yuban Coffee Inner Circle, continuing to make all the selections single-handed. They form a potent combination.

Meanwhile, too, the Book-of-the-Month Club is stepping up its activities. In the first place, it has acquired full ownership of the Non-Fiction Book Club and will operate same as an independent unit. In the second place, it will soon announce the inauguration of a new plan called the Travelers' Book Club, aimed at providing passengers on railroad trains with books to read. There will be either one or two selections a month, and leaflets describing them will be distributed to every passenger at the start of the train's run. The railroads seem anxious to cooperate. The first tests will be conducted on fifty crack trains, and then extended, if successful, to five hundred others, not to mention boats and planes. On a train bound for Darien (now known in some circles as "Hobson's Choice") I walked from one end to the other and made this tabulation: 104 passengers were reading newspapers, forty were reading magazines, sixteen were reading quarter books, and two were reading hard-cover books ("East of Fifth" and "Cry, the Beloved Country"). Publishers hope that the Travelers' Book Club will put an end to such humiliating statistics. As for booksellers, this is one book club idea to which they cannot object: potential patrons presumably have resisted the lure of books before they boarded the train, or have finished those in hand, and certainly can buy nowhere else while in transit.

Undoubtedly there will be more talk of the smouldering antagonism between booksellers and the clubs at the ABA convention in Chicago beginning May 19, and these new developments will be discussed in full. Signs are not lacking, however, that the more level-headed leaders in both camps would like to bring their bickering to an end. Publishers, in the middle, certainly would benefit from a declaration of peace. A few concessions on the part of both club owners and booksellers would do the trick, and end all disquieting threats of court action, boycotts, and reprisals. . . .

THE 1948 "FIFTY BOOKS of the Year" show has attracted record crowds at the New York Public Library, and will now tour the country. Over half of this year's winners are regular trade publications, a far cry from the days when ill-qualified judges confined their choices to over-elaborate trifles turned out by millionaire dabblers, regardless of expense or time involved. I still believe there should be entirely separate shows for trade books and limited editions, since obviously they must be judged by entirely different standards. Nevertheless, the American Institute of Graphic Arts, which sponsors the shows, deserves unlimited credit for its wholesome influence on current standards of printing and binding. In a year of soaring costs and generally indifferent workmanship, it is significant that enough people had sufficient pride in their profession to turn out the fifty books that won the 1948 awards. Such pride is not only

"Okay! Okay! So you liked the ballet—now come to bed!"

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Are you on the Roberts' bandwagon? Are you boosting Mister Roberts for president?

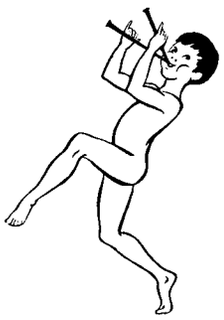
The latest chapter of the "Roberts for president" club has been formed at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It acclaims Mister Roberts as the only existentialist candidate because he is pure essence. He doesn't do. He IS. His platform: "I do not own Time, Life, or Fortune. I want you to own your own."

The Mister Roberts campaign began last year when a wide group of readers discovered him in the book, MISTER ROBERTS by Thomas Heggen. Reviewers like James Gray of the *Chicago Daily News* said, " 'MISTER ROBERTS' is the sort of small book about which cults are likely to develop. If you like it, you like it tremendously and those who also like it are your brothers. I offer myself, quite simply out of a desire to serve, as corresponding secretary for the cult."

The campaign gained momentum this year when "Mister Roberts" with Henry Fonda playing the lead was, according to *Life* magazine, "received on Broadway with the critical equivalent of a 21-gun salute."

***New Yorker* drama critic John Lardner, on seeing the play, first proposed "Roberts for President" in the headline of the review in which he said, "the book was a fine, ironic piece of work, one of the best the war has produced so far — funny and complete and consistent."**

Roberts supporters have bought out the Alvin theater for months ahead. Many more Roberts supporters have put MISTER ROBERTS on the bestseller lists. For an intimate picture of America's newest dark horse presidential candidate, read MISTER ROBERTS by Thomas Heggen.



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essential to the progress of the graphic arts but determines whether the job of the individual publisher, designer, or printer is a source of pleasure and stimulation or mere mechanical drudgery.

Properly handled, there is no reason why the announcement of the "Fifty Books of the Year" should not occasion the same excitement and furore in its own sphere that the Academy Awards and the Pulitzer Prizes create in theirs. Beefs and grumbling by disappointed contestants are not only unavoidable but add to the news value of the occasions. Judges never can satisfy everybody. This year, for instance, Pacific Coast printers think they got the short end of the stick,

and a couple of publishers have expressed dissatisfaction with the choices. Similarly, in Hollywood, Edmund Gwenn's Academy award for "the best supporting male role of the year" in "A Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" has caused considerable commotion. Exactly whom did Gwenn "support" in this picture, ask critics. Truth to tell, he was the whole blooming show! And in the Antoinette Perry Theatre Awards, the powers that be seemed so intent on publicizing one show ("Harvey") that they completely overlooked Marlon Brando's performance in "A Streetcar Named Desire" —one of the most exciting in many a day.

The Pulitzer awards, due any minute, undoubtedly will cause further commotion. . . .

THE COLUMBIA Broadcasting System thinks it has uncovered another Woollcott in Russell Maloney, whose

"The best written, most interesting, accurate, and concise work for the general reader."
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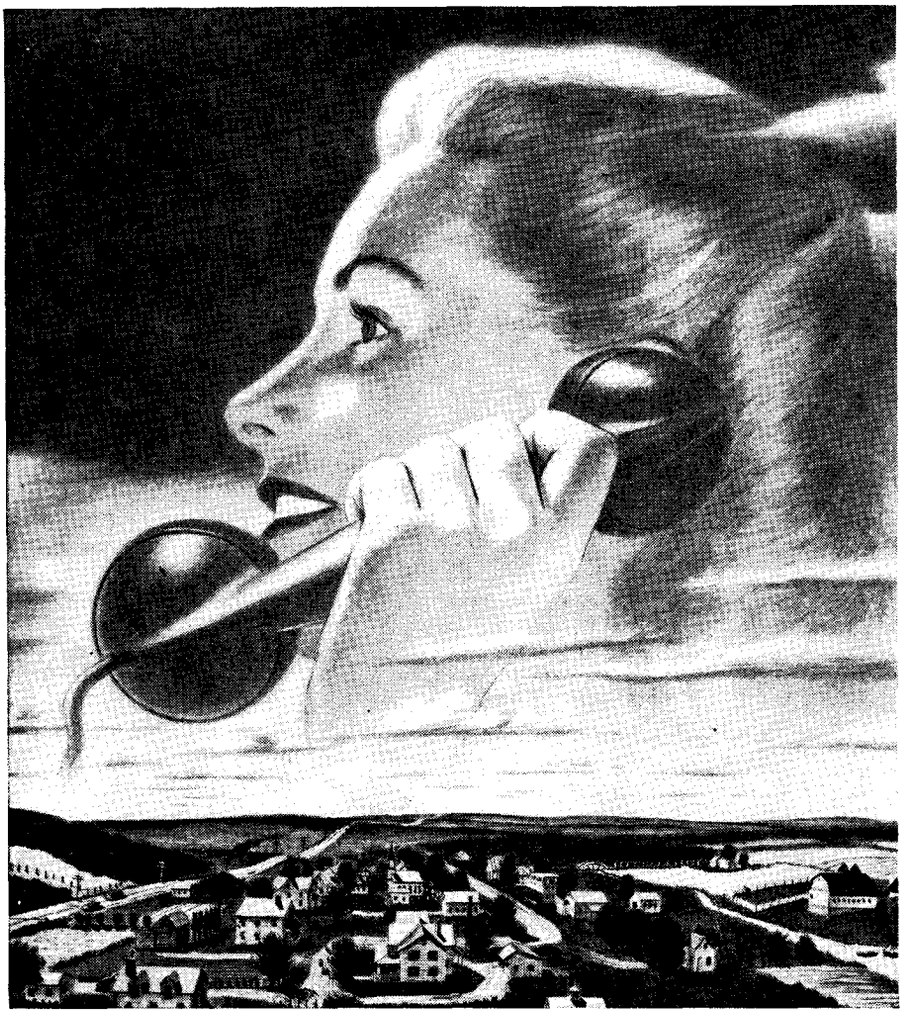
first couple of programs on "Of Men and Books" have produced an avalanche of fan mail. (You can hear him on Thursdays, from 6:15 P. M. to 6:30 EST). . . . Like it or not, there is nothing in a class with an all-out radio pitch by Walter Winchell to put a book over with a bang. His Sunday night rave for the dynamite-laden Finletter report "Survival in the Air Age" (75¢ a copy) resulted in over half a million orders, and swamped the facilities of the Government Printing Office in Washington. A huge new edition is on press. . . . John O'Hara is halfway through his new novel, first since "Hope of Heaven" in 1938. . . . Doubleday's two summer headliners are "Lace Curtain" by Elin Berlin (June 24) and "Important People" by Bob Van Gelder (July 15). . . . The spring issue of *Story* magazine contains a remarkable piece by Curt Siodmak called "Epistles to the Germans," and a confession by Bill Saroyan that evidently comes straight from the heart. Both are well worth your attention. . . .

BRENTANO'S AND THE Holiday Book Shop report a record demand for the February 1948 issue of Cyril Connolly's periodical *Horizon*. It contains an unabridged "prevue" of Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved Ones," a macabre and singularly unpleasant satire on the "burial customs of Southern California." "There is no such thing as an 'American,'" says Mr. Waugh blithely. "They are all exiles uprooted, transplanted, and doomed to sterility." Connolly adds, "Since Southern California is one of the most American places, its burial customs are extremely important, for they reveal in all their empty enormity the American conception of death and the elaborate effort made by those who most worship comfort, beauty, and life to euphemize that stark object which is of all the most ill-favored and unreassuring." What poppycock! The sanctimonious hokum practised by a couple of cadavericious morticians in Hollywood has been a subject of ridicule by Americans for years, and a dozen native writers—not to mention Aldous Huxley in "Many a Summer"—have satirized it in print long before Evelyn Waugh came upon the scene. . . . Little, Brown will publish "The Loved Ones" in book form shortly. . . .

THE MOST WIDELY quoted quip of the month is Harry Hershfeld's story of the dying author (an American Mr. Waugh did *not* meet) who instructed a friend, "Cremation for me, old fellow—and then please throw ten per cent of the ashes in my agent's face."

BENNETT CERF.



Journey of a Word

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes on An Island

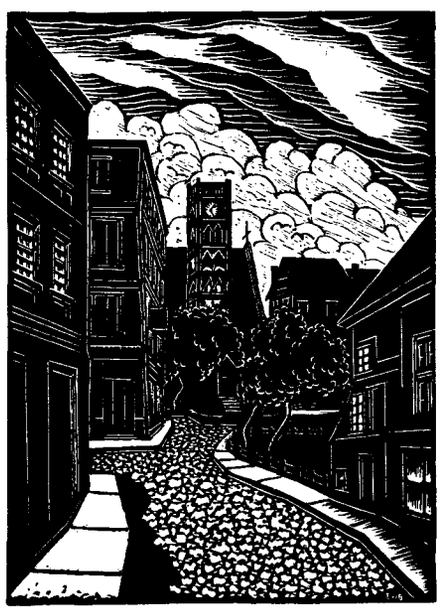
2. L for Learner

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

LONDON and I were a good deal alone together; we planned it that way. The ladies of my house had errands and affairs of their own; except to revisit a few old friends I wanted to listen and look, with gazing fed. Of a thousand glimpses what can one choose to write down? Perhaps nowhere on earth has man's imagination, the gyroscopic spider in his skull concentered so intricate a web. One no longer remembers, or cares, which was fact and which fancy. One sees Holmes and Watson as clearly in the ruins of Baker Street as Johnson and Boswell (in diuretic urgency) skipping under the roaring busses to that easement in mid-Fleet. Among small pilgrimages, impulsive and random (one should dominate one's worships), some of those best memorable were one way or another associated with that great foursome of London friendship. *Nil Londinii a me alienum puto;* but I think there was a special pleasure in finding that in all dearth of materials the Dictionary House in Gough Square had been given priority. It was in the workmen's hands, and not yet fully repaired, but the shibboleth is "A. Edward Newton." Mention that name Johnsonissimus and Mrs. Phyllis Rowell, the curatrix, throws débris aside. She might tell you how, during the savageries of the blitz, her old father lay dying in that house. In age and weakness his mind had fused the Doctor and the Deity. Blast and fire were all round them; the exhausted firemen were getting casual soup and sleep on the floors of the Johnson house. A shocking explosion sounded near, and the dying man said to his daughter: "Don't worry, dear; Our Old Sam won't let us down." The Dictionary House will be open again this spring, in substance as it was, but with one cherished addition; a beautiful little miniature carpenter shop fashioned for Mrs. Rowell by volunteer fire brigadiers, in memory of their welcome at the Johnson House in intervals from struggle. It is a delicious mimicry, with tiny figures, benches, and tools, carved from chips and shavings. In that house, if anywhere, the visitor feels short of words; but he can hear the Doctor saying: "Madam, this is the triumph of affection united with dexterity."

Boswell would have had much pleasure in noting the neighbors who now have the proximate quarters: The Society of Correctors of the Press. That is, I suppose, a trade union of proofreaders. They are lucky that Johnson and Boswell are no longer on duty. I like to think, by the way, that Bozzy, in the blitz and the buzz, would have come down from bomb-exempt Auchinleck to share Johnson's dangers; and it is not hard to imagine the arguments Mrs. Boswell could have offered against it.

The proper pilgrim does devoir also to the living. There was an extraordinary shock to see, still posted in a stark and fireblacked entry of Kings Bench Walk—in the ruins of the Temple—the nameplate MR. JAMES BONE. J. B. himself, whom *The New York Times* once called "the greatest Londoner since Dr. Johnson," is retired to an abbacy (Abbot's Holt) in Surrey. But not even the gold and russet of autumn landscape, nor the gold and russet prose of his proofsheets (I wonder what the Correctors of the Press make of his handwriting, on the galleys of his forthcoming book about London?) keep him very long on Tilford Common. Last Summer's drouth encouraged a heath fire (brush fire, we would call it) and everything was cinders to his very hedge. Only a miraculous change of wind, and an American girl who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bone and derring-did with the garden hose, saved their house. Blitzed out of The Temple, and torpedoed into the North Atlantic, Mr. Bone was only a few inflammable feet of shrubbery from losing another home. "I'm glad we didn't; it would have been thought careless." But every few days the black oilcloth gripsack (you can't buy leather in England: it's all for export) carries J. B.'s proofsheets and pyjamas up to Fleet Street, where he makes appointment with you at El Vino, last of the sacred pubs.



—Wood engravings by E. W. Bartlett.
"Back Street—London."

BY James Bone's kindness, and Freddy Bain's, I was able to make the kind of revisit that means most, to the great old "locals" of London River. The Grapes on Limehouse Reach; The Anchor, where Bankside turns round into the Clink; The Angel at Rotherhithe. The Anchor needs perhaps special mention: it has been strongly buttressed with huge beams after a shaking in the blitz, and the tap marked GIN, that comes right out of the wall, no longer flows (gin is scarce); but the Barclay & Perkins brewery is just behind it, and Johnson's head is still on the beer bottles. Not only that, it is probably the only bar in London that Shakespeare may have drunk in, for The Globe was just behind it. It was rather grim to hear that The Anchor is to be demolished

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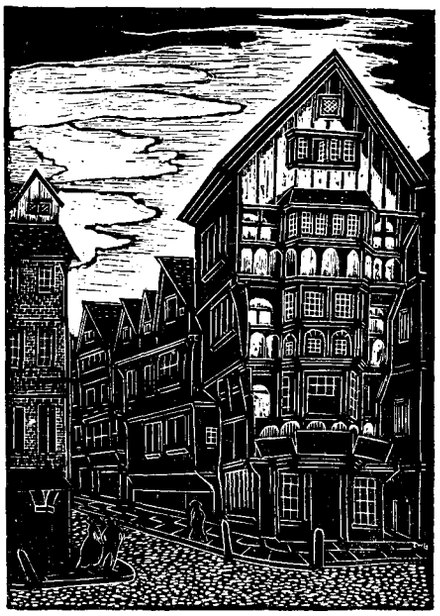
for the new vast Bankside Power House. But there are many kinds of power houses, and they have their various destinies. The Globe had a voltage that is not forgotten. Mrs. Ellen Moy will continue to make her admirably utility sandwiches as long as the house stands. If I were Harvard University, or the General Motors Corporation, I would buy and remove The Anchor and Ellen Moy (stone by stone and sandwich by sandwich) to somewhere in the States, to show the young and jejune what a pub should look like. Alas they couldn't take with it the loveliest of all London's vespasians, opposite the door of The Anchor. You look across the River to the greatest broadside of St. Paul's.

After a wonderful utility lunch (and that means cod, cabbage, and boiled potatoes, and Courage's Stout, at The Angel, Rotherhithe, you go, like Pepys (15 June 1664), to Cherry Gardens pier; and by water, "singing finely." Pepys had his breaks, and made the most of them, but he never traveled, as I did, in Supt. Fallon's launch down river as far as Erith and back to Wapping. It was the course of the Pursuit of the Andaman Islander (in *The Sign of the Four*), and Supt. T. Fallon's fast cruiser (he is head of the Thames River Police) leaps from lump to lump of the stream. Tide runs faster, deeper, and bumpier in London River than any of the old boatmen's madrigals ever told us. Cherry Gardens, I'm sure, is as far downstream as Pepys or Nell Gwynne ever went. If you go in tidal rip as far as Doyle's "melancholy Plumstead Marshes," or further to Gravesend, where Conrad and Marlow used to anchor the yawl, you better be steady with guts. But there is no other way to get a notion of the Courage Stout, and the estuary ebb and flood, and the great web of power-grids, on which London is built.

The India Docks were a commercial appendectomy. You have to get below that twisted gut (the Isle of Dogs) to see the great glands and bowels of service. Docks and ships, chimneys and transmission lines, even the old tawny canvassed sailing barges luffing across, I shall remember them in the rolling heave of gray and green misty sparkle. "Plenty of power round here," said Superintendent Fallon, pointing out various pools of potential. "All we need is a little push from somewhere. It's mostly in the mind, isn't it?"

There was one of Thames's pale-ale-colored sunsets as we came up river. Against the patched old canvas of the barges their men were heaving at huge leeboards and tillers.



Britannia Mews.

I was reminded of the Admiralty Appraisal of the *Mayflower* in 1624, when she was beached (or broken up?). The document is preserved in the old Quaker barn at Jordans, Bucks., where some of her timbers perhaps still exist. She had "a suite of sailes more than half worn." They had a right to be.

But the *Mayflower* inventory also listed "five anchors," good evidence of prudent seamanship. The same strong old flukes that first hooked Massachusetts bottom. The visitor in Britain will see plenty of things more than half worn, from shirt or collars to railway carriages; he will see enough evidences of disaster, endurance, and fatigue. But more astonishing is how little is really changed. The anchors of temperament are in good holding ground. The British have passed, in their gradual and casual way, through a political and economic shift that would stagger many a tycoon. But the instinctive attitudes are the same. Still the elderly ladies sit muffled in their ancient furs in the glazed hotel lounge, watching to see if you do anything they can identify as "typically American." Still the curly-haired butcher on Sloane Street (I used to watch him through the window) keeps his queue of jaded housewives amused by an incessant patter of cockney comedy. The utility classes of Britain are the most humorous on earth. They have to be; in their oystershell climate they need to secrete pearl-juice. I was wondering why, aboard the C.P.R. liner, the emigrating British flocked with solemn acceptance to a succession of the most appalling Hollywood movies. A man of science, on his way to North America to try to sell British induction coils or something, told me the lurking truth. "They're starved for sunlight and black shadows. They don't pay any attention to the picture for people or plot. They just want to see sunshine and sky." Quite an essay could be written, by the way, on the C.P.R.'s preparatory drill, by movies and magazines, to indoctrinate its British passengers in the North American Way. It was a rough passage, but not even seasickness could discourage the infatuated Britons from those color pictures of ski trails and diving girls, or Bob Montgomery letting himself go as a Tough Guy (Bob Montgomery! who used to be a Collector of Max Beerbohm!) or the color advertisements in *The Magazine Women Believe In*. How many emigrating grandmothers I saw in the Saloon Lounge, trying hard.

* * *

BUT how, I said to myself 1,000 times, is one small, more-than-half-worn, confused and impure mind —vitiated by love, detachment, skepticism, and indolent habit—to match itself against so large and troubled a panorama? Who could come surgeon-clean? Love and inheritance are themselves fatal to precision. Toynbee or Santayana might perhaps make luminescent (what I call neon-platonist) generalities. I could find few for myself. But I did keep seeing, in London papers, a financial note that Middlewits were up. It took me some time to figure out that had something to do with the Witwatersrand and gold shares. I preferred to take it as a personal hint.

A wise man noted that minnows skip on a turning tide. My own private pantheism believes that minnow can be as testimonial as man; I suspect that the minnow believes it is his own shiny capering that causes the tide to turn. There were plenty of social minnows on the skip, but I was looking for Middlewits. To put it another way, I was listening for the "dialing tone," which the British telephone identifies as "a purring sound." (What is so lonely, so abject-looking, as the British "call-box," sequestered up some dark alley or under a plane tree in a leafy alcove; rectangular relief for the bedtime dog.) It was a pity to be able to get *The Times* so rarely, because it is in Letters to *The Times* that the intelligentsia blow their top; as in the Fourth Editorial they apply the demulcent of Humor-for-the-Few—the kind of prune-and-prism chaffing that no one but Simeon Strunsky has done in America since, well since Washington Irving? Letters to *The Times* are the dialing tone, the purring (or griping) sound of things to come. They are good, sturdy British beefing. Their writers, I said

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Personal History. *The Nazi regime from first to last was riddled with corruption, intrigue, dissension. Like Renaissance court favorites, Hitler's fiercely ambitious lieutenants fought among themselves for power, and in the process the nation suffered, the war effort suffered, and scientific research, as Dr. Goudsmit showed in his recent book, "Alsos," was retarded. The story is richly documented in countless government reports and captured files which, if they could be made public, would dispel once and for all the myth of the "unity" of a totalitarian regime. "The Goebbels Diaries," reviewed here, is one such document which fell into private hands and has been published. Others are made use of in such memoirs as those of Stimson and the forthcoming volumes by Churchill. . . . David Shub's "Lenin," also discussed below, throws light on the origins of a regime not so different from Der Fuehrer's.*

No. 1 Propagandist's Private Papers

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES. Edited, translated, and with an introduction by Louis P. Lochner. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 566 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THIS unique piece of literary property was abandoned in manuscript form by its author shortly before his sudden death. It now turns up in the hands of some Americans who have undertaken to translate, edit, and publish a part of it on their own.

How it came into these hands is not made entirely clear by the Publisher's Note that precedes the text. Ever since Germany was overrun, American authorities on the spot have been trying to make sure that anyone who uncovered documents containing vital information on Nazi Germany would turn them over to our official document centers for evaluation and the use of intelligence officers, war crimes investigators, and historians. Such documents were to become American public property, and not the personal property of individuals who stumbled on them.

The Goebbels diaries do contain vital information. But the Office of Alien Property declares that they were never shown to the interested government agencies. Instead, they were brought out of Germany privately to be copyrighted here. Now that the present excerpts have been serialized and sold to the Book-of-the-Month Club the whole manuscript, we are told, will be deposited in Herbert Hoover's War Library.

That is one way of handling source materials secured from the enemy. I am not convinced it is the best. I am also not convinced that the editing and presentation of the Goebbels document in its present form is quite of the best. Louis P. Lochner's translation of it, to be sure, is smooth. Whether he has chosen wisely in selecting passages from the surviving 7,100-page original, I cannot say. I wish he had told us more about what he cut out. I also wish his introduction and glosses were less incidental and pedestrian and made more effort to fill us in on the central facts about Goebbels's unique position and performance.

—By George Grosz in "A Little Yes and a Big No."

(Thus a passing diary reference to the Krupp family leads to a gossipy Lochner gloss on Krupp genealogy and social life; but when Goebbels discusses some of his vital propaganda and "total warfare" moves, Lochner fails to remind the general reader of how Goebbels's propaganda ministry worked or what his "total warfare" campaign was really all about.)

Apparently much of the Goebbels manuscript was lost before the present bundle was salvaged from the courtyard of his ministry in Berlin. What we have here in excerpts is a series of intermittent but often highly detailed entries for the years 1942 and 1943. Since these were the years that saw the war's tide turn, almost each entry is valuable as revealing the impact of increasing hostile pressure upon Nazi tactics and German states of mind.

When one thinks back to the victorious Axis of early 1942, it comes as a surprise to find Goebbels privately commenting that defeatism was already widespread in high German army and government circles. During the next twelve months tensions grew to the point where Hitler was "embittered beyond measure" at his reluctant generals, at great numbers of stagnant Reich officials, at his collapsible European allies, and (with Goebbels helping along) at the drugged and blundering Goering. Virtually the only person in whom Hitler still felt entire confidence, according to Goebbels, was Goebbels himself: "The Fuehrer assured me again and again that . . . German war propaganda was a masterpiece from beginning to end."

Goebbels, of course, was doing more than running war propaganda. He was in politics as deep as he could get. While rivals were absorbed in military or departmental affairs, his restless hand reached out for ever greater areas of control: he not only ran the German press and radio but schemed up many a foreign trick and stratagem (thereby feuding with the Foreign Office); meanwhile he personally ran Berlin ("I am the supreme and sole commander of the capital; the ministries, too, are to obey my orders"), and his diary shows him also butting in to redesign German jurisprudence, plan the "reprisal" bombing of English resorts, and order the fire brigades of Western Germany about.

He was a madman for power and intrigue, but his aim was clear: it was to use the war's crisis as the opportunity for uprooting and radicalizing German institutions in the image of a nihilistic "permanent revolution" that would either subvert the world via "total war" or else go down via general suicide. The worse things became and the more the old-line generals and worried Party hacks lost face, the more Hitler came under Goebbels's demonic influence. The clubfooted, undersized Ph.D from the Rhineland helped burn Germany out.

Crass and contemptuous, he knew the Wagnerian traits and spook-ridden crannies of the German mind, and played on them with the coolness of a laboratory zoologist, the subtlety of a Jesuit, and the showmanship of a Barnum. But he never did learn to understand the non-German mind: the British, he com-

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plained, "are obdurate to a degree that gets on one's nerves," and as for the French, "you can't do much with them." He couldn't even quite figure out the Italians, and delivers the classic remark, "With Fascism we got ourselves into somewhat mixed company."

When it came to the Americans, this ranking international expert just didn't know what was going on. His diaries are full of extraordinary misinformation that led him during 1942 to look on our war production figures as a bluff and to conclude that Americans hadn't "the slightest enthusiasm for the war." There were a lot of things that Goebbels did not know. In spite of his highly efficient brain, he did not really know what men could do. The best he could say about them was, "The human being makes me sick to my stomach. Phooey!"

William Harlan Hale, historian and a former editor of The New Republic, *was in charge of various wartime American and Allied propaganda operations against Germany.*

Communism's Kampf

LENIN. A Biography. By David Shub. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 448 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

IS Communism, as practiced, a working system? Despots have usually pointed to their own existence in power as proof of the fact that they function, meaning that they were somehow elected to do a necessary job. The slogan of Hitler, the latest of them to blow himself up, was (it doesn't sound right in any language but German) *Wahr ist was wirkt.* Lenin and Stalin have been running Russia for thirty years.

An unreflective American has literally nothing to oppose to this absolute version of his own pragmatism. There is no escaping the fact that pragmatic justifications cannot be relied upon for the defense of the good society. Ten years ago one dictator marched into Czechslovakia and confronted us with the practical reality of a *fait accompli* for which he had no answer, because although what he did was not our kind of action, what he said when he did it was our kind of argument — but better. Recently another despot marched into Czechoslovakia. The parallel is as exact as anything in history can be and so is our response to it. Our statesmen have vented much the same quantity of verbal funk.

The lesson of this may be put into a few words: we can't go on losing all the arguments without starting to win a war; war is a down-to-earth business and it will ultimately give the current despot his bellyful of pragmatic demonstration. But — God help us—what an odd procedure for a nation of people who, according to the newspaper circulation figures, know how to read. The only excuse for us is that the Communists were themselves not able to figure out their solution to this problem until Lenin placed the answer into their hands; and I say *placed* because it was a form of words but a concrete object, power.

Before Lenin arrived, the Communists were Socialists. Socialism has been variously defined, but prior to the fateful changeover the essence of this political doctrine was thought to lie in an economic distinction. Socialists distinguished between industry (which was good) and business (which was bad); industry produced while on the other hand business restricted production in order to make profits. The idea was to free the "forces of industry" by abolishing businessmen. Now whatever you may think of the notion, it obviously originated where some industry existed, that is to say in Western Europe; and the trouble with its application to Russia was that practically no industry existed there in the first place.

Lenin suffered much during the great debate that ensued. Was it necessary to encourage businessmen to establish an industrial system so that it could later be taken away?

—Woodcut by I. Friedlander.

"Lenin placed the answer into their hands."

The doctrinaire wrangled incessantly, stimulating themselves by the consumption of unlimited quantities of tobacco and tea. Then, as Lenin remarked, they would go to sleep and begin all over again. Nothing better indicates the stamina of the man than the fact that he put up with this for all but the last few years of his life. Then after the Revolution Lenin had a hole cut into the corner of the ceiling of his council-room; and the terrible commissars had to tiptoe one after the other, like schoolboys under the master's glittering eye, and smoke their cigarettes under that hole.

From the beginning Lenin secured and maintained this personal dominance over his fellow-Socialists. He differed from the rest of them in wanting to get something done rather than to win debating points; and to those who objected that his ruthless behavior was not Socialistic but the reverse — cynical, domineering, and aggressive—his response was disarming. Of course he did not act in a Socialist way, but then neither was Socialism yet established. Fifteen years before the Revolution he split his party wide open on that issue, and it is characteristic of the terrible earnestness with which he maneuvered that his faction, although actually a minority, emerged with the name *Bolsheviks* or majority-men.

Once he had a party and a budget under his control Lenin rapidly developed the simple tactics which brought him to complete victory over the other Socialists. These consisted, briefly, of two rules: first, the vigorous collection of money, the means essential to action when one has no political power. The Socialists, notes Mr. Shub, "despite their large trade union following, were not only unable to finance a daily newspaper, but even had trouble supporting their weekly. The Bolshevik Center, however, drawing on the large funds obtained by armed expropriations (mail and bank robberies with incidental touches of murder), legacies, and political marriages, was in a position to foot the bill."

The second rule was to undertake the maximum of violent action, whether it made sense at the moment or not. Mr. Shub has thrown much light on this aspect of Leninism by the most detailed account of the Malinovsky case that has appeared so far in English. Malinovsky was a Czarist police spy assigned to the Communist Party with orders to egg on the members, day in and day out, so that the largest possible number of them could be identified and if necessary arrested for cause. With such a license he shouted for skull-busting and slaughter from the very housetops, a course of action so pleasing to

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Publisher's Gallery

II: Melville Minton

MELVILLE MINTON, president of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has the buoyancy of a man who loves life—and the good life for him is publishing. "I won't quit," he laughs, "until they carry me out!" From the looks of Mr. Minton, big and silver-haired—a handsome figure in a navy-blue double-breasted—that will be a long time.

Forty-eight years ago, aged fifteen, he entrained for Wall Street from Red Bank, N. J., to be a broker, paused at Scribner's to greet a family friend, and remained over two decades. He has an old grad's sentiment for "Scribner's university," where he got his book learning stockroom up (footsteps his son is retreading). Of all, the happiest years were those he traveled about selling books

In 1921, during the festivities of a booksellers' conclave, he met his future partner, Putnam's Earle Balch (now retired). When George Haven Putnam died in 1930, six-year-old Minton, Balch & Co. merged with the firm that printed Ruskin, Carlyle, and Poe, to name a few. Founder George Palmer Putnam's sons John Bishop and Irving died, respectively, in 1917 and '31, last of the clan with a house that dates back to 1838.

"Publishing," says Mr. Minton, "is a manufacturing business in which you sell your product at a profit or you don't continue. We haven't begun to scratch the surface. There was more junk published in '47 than any year I can remember—and we had our share."

He's past president of the Book Publishers Bureau, now head of the American Book Publishers' Council, a fraternity dear to his heart,—"a good Republican," who works seventy-two hours a week but, "thank God!," doesn't write. His current reading: "Anything I feel like after I get through the newspapers and Bennett Cerf." —R. G.

Lenin (despite the incidental arrests) that he appointed Malinovsky his main deputy in Russia, and made him the Bolshevik whip in the *Duma* or Russian Parliament, and installed him as the publisher of the Party paper *Pravda*. The point to be kept in mind if one is to understand Lenin's leadership is that this treacherous fomenter of violence pleased him just as much as he in turn pleased his real employer, the *Okhrana*.

The explanation of this apparent paradox (which, by the way, is documented beyond disproof) is that Lenin and the Czarist policeman were aiming at the same mark. Both of them wanted to sabotage and if possible destroy the numerous "democratic socialists" or Social Democrats and Socialist Revolutionaries. And now we may push the identification a bit farther, for we have the evidence upon which to base a final judgment—a judgment that has been delayed up to the present time by the fact that practically all critical analysis of pre-Revolutionary faction fights in Russia has come from members of the defeated parties, Socialists themselves.

Lenin had a predecessor and copied an old policy. He may have stumbled upon it as a student of Russian history, but the chronology suggests that he adopted it because it fitted his tactics, which were fully matured when the revolutionary opportunity arrived. In any case the repetition is literal and exact; one can only wonder that it has so long escaped the attention of the thousands of minds which have studied these events. In a pamphlet written on the eve of the Communist putsch, "Can the Bolsheviks Retain State Power?," Lenin argued that if the ancient Czars could hold Russia down with 130,000 serf-owners acting as an effective auxiliary to their political police, then the Bolsheviks, who were 240,000 strong, could do the same. Now the man who first organized that political police to which Malinovsky and even more flamboyant operators such as Evno Azef belonged was Nicholas I, variously known in his time as "Nicholas Palkin" (Nicholas Nightstick), "the policeman of Europe," and "the iron despot." Nicholas I was the Russian planner, reformer, and industrializer of the early Age of Steam; he appointed paper commissions right and left. One of these boards was set to work on the serfdom question and brought in a recommendation that the only way to deal with it was to abolish it. "I am sorry, gentlemen," said Nicholas, "but I cannot dispense with the police services of the 130,000 serf-owners throughout the country; they function without being paid, and I have not the means with which to replace them."

There you have the master key to the Russian enigma. As for the secondary puzzle, which, incidentally, concerns Mr. Shub and bothers us so much more today—the problem of Communist expansion outside Russia—it now appears to be a baby enigma hiding behind the skirts of the big one. The truth is that all the *political* victories of Communism from Lenin's time down to the present were victories over Socialists, and have been marked either by a preliminary rise of Socialists to power or to a position which gave Socialists, in effect, the balance of power. Communism is definitely parasitic upon Socialism; and its sparkling record of success in devouring its host lies in the fact that "liberal" social democracy is a contradiction in terms, helpless in any serious crisis, because it is committed to a mode of action (liberalism: the non-coercion of minority or individual rights) which is inconsistent with its aim (nationalization) whenever workers make economic demands upon the government's corporations *as if the State were no different from a private employer.* Lenin had the wit to see that the State is power and that if you seek to nationalize you must control the nation; an insight which made his Bolsheviks the residuary legatees of Socialism.

Not that they ever really assimilated this idea until he steered them to it by main force and during the few years before his death showed them how it worked again and again. They thought they were Socialists until he returned to Russia in the year of the Revolution. He had to scold them, Stalin included, like a flock of sheep; and he even threatened to resign his leadership and agitate the masses alone! He was a very tough man. His story, which Mr. Shub has told better than ever before, is the secret history of the Russian ruling class of the present century, the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Shub's biography is the book you must read if you want to know what Communism is. Lenin made it, and Stalin, one of the least brainy but certainly the most crude (this was the master's own estimate) of Lenin's disciples, carries it on. You will learn that Lenin's superiority as a politician lay in the fact that he alone realized that social democracy is not the ultimate stage of liberalism, but its antithesis; and you will learn by that token—though not directly from Mr. Shub, who sticks to his job as the biographer of a doctrine—how to deal with Communism effectively.

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Lorimerism—Like It or Lump It

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER AND THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. *By John Tebbel. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1948. 351 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

MR. TEBBEL, probably to most readers' satisfaction, is a Grade-A unobtrusive biographer. No one could possibly, after reading this well-researched job, think of speaking of *The Saturday Evening Post's* 1899-1937 editorial boss as "Mr. Tebbel's Lorimer" in the way that one speaks of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria." Instead, the Lorimer who created the *Post* and its power for considerable weal and possibly a little woe in American life, grows on one factually, through lively and never dead-pan narrative and analysis, until he seems almost like a member of one's intimate circle. But no Mr. Tebbel is there, dancing up and down before a personality portrait and exclaiming: "Look at that Oedipus complex. I discovered it all myself!"

The net product has nothing subjective in it. But it probably is closer to Lorimer as experience, his times, *Saturday Evening Post* cronies, his wife, and God—and not a little, Lorimer himself—made him, than any portrait which a purposefully critical biographer could turn out.

What, then, *was* this Lorimer, creating *The Saturday Evening Post,* and running it up from a circulation of a few thousand past million after million mark, with a minimum of personal public relations fanfare? Mr. Tebbel's clear factuality leaves us in no doubt.

Lorimer was part and product of the U.S.A.'s gigantic success story, which, beginning in the Westward pioneering sweep of the early Republic, carried us onward and upward into prosperity, industrial mastery, and world power at a pace never equaled by any people on earth. It was a process which grew out of the enormous resource handouts from nature which the American people received in their abundant continent, and out of the know-how which they acquired for exploiting resources. In the end, the process went a long way toward making a "spoiled giant "of the American nation—a people convinced that all their good fortunes were earned by their peculiar merits. The success story, too, spun itself out relatively without change of direction, tempo, or motive power from the George Washington Administration to the collapse of bull markets in President Hoover's mournful 1929 October. It is in no sense a necessarily finished chronicle today. But the direction *has* changed, and in New Deal times and since there have been symptoms of a need for a renovation, not to say *change, of engines.*

Mr. Lorimer, however, growing into manhood and success in the piping times of Mark Hanna and McKinley, passionately believed every word of the success saga and in every article in its ideology. He worshipped it as a kind of state religion, and almost equally worshipped success itself. Most people who failed to achieve it must be, he was convinced, weaklings. People who criticized the system by which it was obtained—except in a few open and obvious abuses—were definitely weaklings.

Furthermore, success was so much an American prerogative that we could afford to be exclusive about it. So Lorimer fought a lifelong battle in the *Post* for practically total immigration restrictions. He was an outstanding World War I isolationist. World economy and world relationships were sentimental poppycock to his "practical" mind. So he took essentially President Coolidge's "they hired the money, didn't they?" position on collecting the British and French war debts.

On the home front he was against labor unions, except as remedies for occasional intolerable abuses from virtually criminal employers. When the *Post* had a strike once, Lorimer hired "finks" and proudly and happily rode through the picket lines to work with them. He disliked introspective women like Sinclair Lewis's Carol Kennicott in "Main Street," and indeed distrusted introspection in fiction and life generally. The New Deal's economic and relief measures were anathema to his code of rugged individualism, and he fought all socialization projects except those connected with forest and a few other resources conservations.

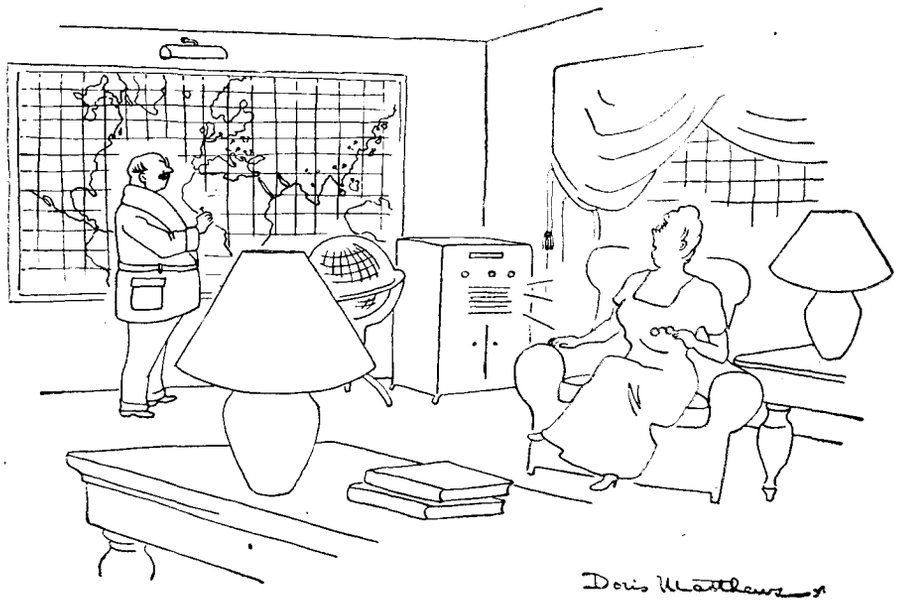
He personally loathed George Bernard Shaw as a smart-aleck, but perhaps equally so as an early mover toward world social and economic changes. The old American code of sex purity was maintained in *Post* fiction and articles on social conditions to the end of the Lorimer reign, and largely still is.

To be sure, Lorimer and the *Post* were on Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose bandwagon in the 1912 campaign. But the Bull Moose crusade raised plenty of hosannas for the "good old American morality," as well as for a relatively few progressive principles. There is plenty of evidence that Lorimer liked the nostalgic appeal best.

Nor did his fixation on his and an older time's values save him from relishing some suspiciously pre-Fascist company in his personal and editorial circle. The late Emerson Hough of "The Covered Wagon" fame lost no kudos with Lorimer or the *Post* by being able to write in his private letters, at the height of the post-World War I troubles with the I.W.W.:

> What you say about the lack of Americanism is too sadly true. There is trouble ahead in this country. I look for old-time Americans to put it down. . . . I also keep a gun handy. . . . Just about as far as across a saloon, I think I am able to entertain any really bloodthirsty Bolsheviks.

All this Mr. Tebbel tells without blame or praise. You can like "Lor-



"Who's winning, dear—Winchell or Russia?"

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—Roulande Houston.

My Current Reading

Oveta Culp Hobby, who served as director of the Women's Army Corps during the war with the rank of colonel, is now executive vice president of the *Houston Post*. About ten years ago Mrs. Hobby was the book editor of the *Post*. Her current reading offers a nice balance between the new and the old:

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold Toynbee (Oxford)*

FREDERICK REMINGTON, ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST, *by Harold McCracken (Lippincott)*

MEDEA, *by Euripides, adapted by Robinson Jeffers (Random)*

PARIS HERALD, *by Al Laney (Appleton-Century-Croft)*

HUMAN DESTINY, *by Pierre Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans, Green)*

SPEAKING FRANKLY, *by James F. Byrnes (Harper)*

MODERN MAN IS OBSOLETE, *by Norman Cousins (Viking)*

THE FEDERALIST, *by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay*

THE AMERICAN PAST, *by Roger Butterfield (Simon & Schuster)*

PETER ABELARD, *by Helen Waddell (Henry Holt)*

imerism"—for it was practically an "ism"—or you can lump it. Plainly, Lorimer, a man of reserved charm, great personal fairness, always alert for new writing talent of the *Post's* kind, believed the success story's ideology as honestly and fervently as Eugene Debs in another brand.

But until the *Post*, in Mr. Tebbel's words, "finally stood at bay, unchanged in a changing world," Lorimer taught nostalgia to his vast mass circulation among the American people. Perhaps the statesmen running the country now are products of "the Boss's" schoolroom: President Truman and Senator Vandenberg were fifteen years old when Lorimer took over the *Post* editorship; Secretary of State Marshall, eighteen.

Explaining the Russians: A Life's Work

A WANDERING STUDENT. By Sir Bernard Pares. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press. 1948. 448 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

THE EPIC career of Sir Bernard Pares is vastly more intriguing than his chronicle of it. Britain's leading interpreter of Russia to the West permits his style to limp far behind the notes of a long, earnest, and wondrously crowded life.

The picaresque outlines are all there. By 1906 Sir Bernard was already intimate enough with matters Russian to circulate on the floor of the first Duma with a ticket in his pocket identifying him as a "gentleman usher." He chaperoned a Russian Parliamentary delegation to Britain and a British Parliamentary delegation to Russia. He pioneered in the techniques and disciplines of Russian studies in England. In World War I he carried his eager nose all over the Eastern Front, including the enemy's lines; he brought out the news of the Russian munitions crisis to Kitchener, Gray, and Lloyd George; he barnstormed Russia during the Kerensky period haranguing the revolutionaries to go on fighting against the Kaiser; after the Bolsheviks took power, he got himself a Czech bodyguard, two revolvers, a Union Jack, a railway "half-carriage," permission to hitch it to any train, and then lectured his way across Siberia; in the end he escaped the Bolsheviks by sailing out of mid-Siberia on a river tug loaded with furs like a Viking raider, and continuing by water, via the Arctic Kara Sea and the North Cape, all the way to England. In World War II he spread the good word about the Soviet ally from virtually every lecture platform in Britain, reclining under the speakers' table during air raids. Today this valiant old man carries on his life mission of explaining the Russians from our own Sarah Lawrence College, secure in the love of his American students, of five grown-up children called Peter, Andrew, Richard, Elisabeth, and Susan (the initials spell PARES—"pronounced like the three bears"), and the orphaned Anne Norton, who has adopted "Uncle" Bernard as her father.

This memorable life is narrated in a mixture of professional dryness and "humor" out of *Punch*, with the points of some tales a bit vague and the endings of others missing altogether. Sir Bernard's boyhood and young schoolmaster reminiscences have a certain quiet charm but are unhappily loaded with too many wickets, Tripos, and other English esoteria to fix the attention of us rude Americans. His accounts of the Liverpool and London schools of Russian studies and the *Slavonic Review* will be manna only to specialists. The autobiography alternates brilliant flashes of recollection about some interesting contemporaries with droning anecdotes or rambling remarks about others which hardly bring them back to life. And what should have been a saga of Russian adventure turns into little more than a ledger of events and comments, with all the color and the glory washed out by a dogged refusal to get excited.

Sir Bernard nevertheless communicates a deep and heartwarming love for the Russian people—"big children . . . to be reached most easily by simple friendliness." From the start, he sets himself the admirable rule of assessing Russian achievements, not by Western standards, but by Russia's own past. In evaluating current domestic policies, his book is scrupulously fair. Unlike many pro-Soviet apologists, Sir Bernard does not limit his report to progress in child welfare, education, social insurance, development of backward regions, and the like. He deplores the anti-religion campaign, he scoffs at the "pretentious" Soviet Constitution, he admits the total absence of free speech and the total presence of the political police. "In Russia," he records, "when a train stopped, all conversation automatically stopped too." His special anger is roused against the impenetrability of the Soviet Union even to friendly students. His main point is that what both Russia and the West most desperately need is greater knowledge of each other.

It is too bad Sir Bernard has spent no time observing his Russians at work on the body of "liberated" Eastern Europe. He might then revise his calm and scholarly judgment that we should view Soviet expansionism with only small alarm.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 734)

D. S. STERN:
*TRIOLET OF SPRING FEVER**

I'm on a sit-down strike:
  Spring is unfair to labor.
Others may work if they like;
I'm on a sit-down strike,
Energy's out on a hike,
  So I shall leave toil to my neighbor.
I'm on a sit-down strike:
  Spring is unfair to labor.

*From *The Saturday Review*, March 1937. Mr. Stern has been a DCer since the beginning.

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U.S.A. *The Presidential campaign that will engage the nation's attention during the coming months may take many unexpected turns, but one thing is certain: ways to maintain peace will dominate the discussions. As if to give the Republicans comfort, the venerable Charles Beard has dropped the historian's objectivity which characterized his earlier works to write in "President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War" an impassioned attack on the way in which F.D.R. met a comparable situation in 1941. More on the Democrats' side is Schriftgiesser's "This Was Normalcy," which castigates the Republicans for their indifference to international problems during the Twenties, an indifference which, he intimates, helped produce World War II. Additional campaign fuel is provided by Milligan's "Inside Story of the Pendergast Machine."*

Was the War Necessary?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE COMING OF THE WAR 1941. *By Charles A. Beard. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1948. 614 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

"AT THIS point in its history," Dr. Beard writes bitterly, "the American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs, and the war power."

The statement is a rash one for an historian of Dr. Beard's stature. Dr. Beard finds himself in strange company when he makes it; that of William Randolph Hearst, Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*, the tabloid New York *Daily News*, and the *Times-Herald* of Washington. This volume, the second savage attack by Dr. Beard on F.D.R.'s war policies, is filled with rash statements.

Dr. Beard's theory is that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately maneuvered us close to actual war with Hitler by sponsoring Lend-Lease and permitting American naval vessels to convoy supplies bound for Great Britain. Both actions, he declares, and it is a debatable point, were in violation of international law. But Dr. Beard goes further. Roosevelt, he writes, forced Japan to fire the first shot.

The behind-the-scenes villain, it seems, was Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State in the Hoover administration and Secretary of War under President Roosevelt. Mr. Stimson had demanded that Japan cease her aggressions in China. Herbert Hoover, wisely, in the opinion of Dr. Beard, rejected the proposal. But Roosevelt, even while President-elect, decided to press it.

Dr. Beard has leaned heavily on those incredibly voluminous pages. But, at least to this reviewer, he seems to have slanted his conclusions heavily. Walter Millis also examined the record with care and industry. In his book, "This is Pearl!" Mr. Millis writes that it "offers no support for the view that the Roosevelt Administration plotted to invite a Pacific War or even wished for one."

"There is, on the contrary," according to Mr. Millis, "overwhelming evidence that the guiding thought was to stave off a war as long as possible."

"When Franklin D. Roosevelt, as President-elect," states Dr. Beard, "committed himself to the 'Stimson doctrine' for the Far East at a luncheon with Mr. Stimson at Hyde Park, on January 9, 1933, he had taken a fateful step leading in the direction of Pearl Harbor."

—*From "Jim Farley's Story."*

Roosevelt's "only other course was appeasement."

Dr. Beard devotes many pages to the question of whether American naval units were engaged in Atlantic convoying in 1941. He quotes some curious sources to suggest that they were. Among these, God save us, is John O'Donnell of the Washington *Times-Herald*. Dr. Beard criticizes the late President for his campaign promises that he would send no troops abroad except in case of attack. Because he made the promises, he had to maneuver our adversaries into providing the attack.

Dr. Beard seems to ignore completely the unquestioned fact that the only other course was appeasement with Hitler and with Japan. But the President had so identified his policy in his August 21, 1941, message to Congress. This followed the revelation of the discussions at sea with Winston Churchill and the publication of the Atlantic Charter. Dr. Beard feels confident that specific promises of military aid to England were made during the conversations between the Prime Minister and the President. He resents having failed to obtain permission to examine the relevant documents, now at Hyde Park.

None but a blind supporter of Franklin Roosevelt will deny that he was sometimes crafty, less than frank with the public. War Secretary Stimson, writing his own memoirs, gives a clearer picture of what went on in that troubled spring of 1941 than does Dr. Beard. Self-persuasion seems to be common among the Roosevelt clan; certainly Theodore Roosevelt could convince himself about as he chose. Mr. Stimson noted in his diary on April 24, 1941, that the President kept arguing that the forces in the Atlantic were merely defensive, that they would watch for aggressors and make reports. Mr. Stimson continues:

"I answered there, with a smile on my face, saying, 'But you are not going to report the presence of the German Fleet to the Americas. You are going to report it to the British Fleet.' I wanted him to be more honest with himself."

One basis of Dr. Beard's confusion seems to lie in mistaking preparations for possible war with a conspiracy on Roosevelt's part to plunge the nation into war. Of course, high officers of all the services were making new plans. It is a safe assumption that both Churchill and Roosevelt discussed not only strategy but tactics. Some of the secret plans for war action were made public at the Pearl Harbor Congressional hearings.

Henry F. Pringle won the Pulitzer Prize in 1931 *for his "Theodore Roosevelt, a Biography." He is now working, with his wife Katharine Douglas Pringle, on "America at War."*

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Hand-of-Death Rule

THIS WAS NORMALCY. An Account of Party Politics During Twelve Republican Years, 1920-1932. By Karl Schriftgiesser. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 325 pp. $3.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER is so lively a contemporary journalist that a few years ago he put oomph into the obituary pages of an outstandingly serious New York newspaper. In this book he performs a similar feat. Working with the mortuary, not to say charnel-house materials, of the Harding-through-Hoover dance of death in the Republic's economics and policies, he produces at once a factually packed Ph.D's "obit" of the times he chronicles, and a slashing commentary on their sins and stupidities.

All that is dead in the ideas of the leaders and policymakers of 1920-1932, including many of the still ambulant ideological and personal hatreds of Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover, lives again in these pages.

The hand of death might, indeed, have been a fitting symbol of those last dozen years of reactionary GOP rule in the America which otherwise was, and still is, promises. The 1920-1932 Presidents, the big-shot politicos and business leaders around them, were trying to prolong the life of the nineteenth century's values and methods—the old jolly-roger free enterprise economic system untrammelled—into an era already crashing with present and impending changes: production-method, as well as merely social and mental climate changes.

It seemed to the Harding-through-Hoover men as if all conceivable sacrifices were worth making to keep the nineteenth century's death-hand fixed on the levers of American, not to say of world, progress. If a little crookedness to the benefit of big oil and other big private business interests could keep the dead hand at the controls a little longer, President Harding's pet cabinet ministers, Fall and Daugherty, were on the job happy to arrange. If "the good old days" could only be preserved for the American republic, "Old Stupid"—as this reviewer can testify Harding was known to the correspondents' staff at Marion, Ohio, in 1920—would be glad to oblige by keeping the United States out of the League of Nations.

Again, if simply running away from thought was a good way to preserve the national economy as grandfather loved it, the leaders of "normalcy" could retreat from ideas and insight into their world, into the inanities of

—From "The American Past."

"Well, farmers never have made money," said Coolidge as farm prices slumped and industry boomed in the 1920's.

President Coolidge's platitudes. And at the same time build up the granite mouse from the Green Mountains as wise-saw maker at large to 130,000,000 people about to be shaken with changes.

By the time President Hoover inherited the mess which the "normalcists" had made with their negations of the facts of life, their credos had hardened for him into a kind of crabbed theology. For change, on Wall Street's "big bust" day, October 24, 1929, shook President Hoover too.

But the man was so wrapped in his passions for a disappearing world that he never knew what shook, or touched, him. And does not today—with his sour resentment against "wets," "radicals," "collectivists," and worse, leftists who misunderstood and "abused" him. Mr. Schriftgiesser gives "the Great Engineer" a grimmer and more pointed dismissal by saying that, in the depression, he "believed that society should take care of its own, its old, its sick, its jobless, and its homeless. But . . . Herbert Hoover never confused government with society."

All these ideas are implicit, and many of them stated with documentation and more sharply, in Mr. Schriftgiesser's book. It is a great and salutary refresher course.

For it brings back to mind facts and occurrences and policies showing how much worse, how much more reactionary and stupidly nostalgic "normalcy" was than most of us, with our amiable indulgence toward the past, are inclined to remember. Now that the former second-lieutenants of the normalcy era, the Tafts, the Vandenburgs, the Deweys, the Stassens, seek to lead us into the era quaking with change that lies ahead of us, we need more than ever to be reminded who misled us before; and with what platitudes.

Poor Harry

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PENDERGAST MACHINE BY THE MAN WHO SMASHED IT. By Maurice M. Milligan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 281 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. REDDIG

IN THE case of Boss Tom Pendergast, who has been in his grave three years, the prosecution doesn't rest. Maurice M. Milligan, the United States District Attorney who sent Pendergast to Federal prison in 1939, carries the action into 1948 with a blast against Harry S. Truman and Jim Pendergast, the Boss's nephew and his successor as head of the Kansas City political machine.

Mr. Milligan's book invites attention chiefly as an indictment of the President for using his influence to revive the Kansas City boss organization. He offers with his account a disclaimer that this is a grudge book, a disavowal that is in order since the differences between the Milligans and the Trumans have made news for nearly fifteen years.

Although Mr. Milligan eschews personalities in his book and rests his case entirely on the record, he has overdrawn his indictment in one important respect. That error occurs in his interpretation of the effect of President Truman's intervention in the Kansas City political fight which agitated the nation in the summer of 1946.

In the 1946 Congressional campaign, the President publicly announced his intention to purge a recalcitrant Democratic Congressman from Kansas City, Roger C. Slaughter.

> When President Truman ordered Jim Pendergast to throw the weight of the machine into the fight against Roger Slaughter he put the local machine back into the headlines [Milligan writes], he breathed new life into an organization that for all practical purposes was as dead as a doornail.

Fact is that Truman's invasion in the 1946 primary produced a Democratic factional dispute in his home county which wrecked the machine at a time when it was coming back fast. Out of that inter-party struggle came another vote fraud scandal which Republicans still are exploiting to their great advantage against both Pendergast and Truman.

When Mr. Truman put his foot in his mouth in the Slaughter affair he obviously was not trying to rebuild the machine. He simply was sore at a Congressman who had crossed him. It is true, however, that the President's action constituted an arrogant

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display of bone-crushing in the manner of the old Boss himself. It also is a fact that the White House's conspicuous association with Pendergast in this operation gave the organization a giddy sense of power and security which it abused outrageously on election day. To that extent, the Milligan charge that Truman is responsible for a resurgence of Pendergastism in 1946 is a sound, true bill.

Truman's actual role in the 1946 episode illustrates his position in the organization throughout his career, which is that of a dues-paying member who ran with the pack, never struck a blow against bossism, and consistently threw his weight against reform although he seldom had to make an embarrassing public display of the boss tag. For a long time the man from Missouri baffled his opponents with his success in creating the illusion that his relationship with T. J. Pendergast was a private affair above the unrefined boss level. Prosecutor Milligan sets out to show that Harry Truman's loyalty to Pendergast includes devotion to the machine itself, and he arrays the evidence in convincing fashion. His final exhibit concerns the Truman Administration's handling of the Federal investigations of the 1946 vote fraud cases, a stalling act that provoked a Senate inquiry which finally was blocked by a Democratic filibuster threat in 1947.

For the rest, this book is a brief but well-rounded history of the Pendergast tragedy from the eighteen eighties to the death of Tom Pendergast in 1945. As one of the principal actors in the more spectacular phases of this fantastic American morality play, Maurice Milligan should have and does have a dramatic story to tell. He tells it well. The D. A. was as perfectly cast for his part as Boss Tom was for his, as the reader will discover in the stirring chapters on the crimes, investigations, and court battles of the final Pendergast years.

This book does not go extensively into the anatomy of the machine or explore its ramifications in the American complex. Although the author does not uncover the root causes of bossism, he turns a glaring light on the principal symptoms and effects of that blighting disease. With chilling effect, Mr. Milligan reviews the record, which demonstrates that corruption of the ballot is the most destructive of the machine evils. He performed a notable service for democracy in combating that evil in Kansas City, and he carries on the good fight in a challenging book.

William Reddig, formerly of the Kansas City Star, *now with the* Charlotte *(N. C.)* News-Observer, *wrote "Tom's Town," published last year.*

Fiction. *The recurring lists of best-selling novels offer an entertaining subject for speculation. Why has Thornton Wilder's collection of fictional letters, memoranda, and odds and ends of Julius Caesar's later days, revealed in the scholarly "The Ides of March," so rapidly reached third place? Why has Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s immense and forbiddingly complex "Raintree County" climbed to second place? On the other hand, why does so charming and tranquilizing a novel as "Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton, stay in the sixteenth and last place, while Joshua Liebman's soothing "Peace of Mind" remains week after week glued to the first place of the non-fiction lists? Why does Truman Capote's highly publicized and controversial novel stay next to the last? Of the books reviewed this week Elizabeth Goudge's will offer forgetfulness; Lenard Kaufman's, alarm at juvenile murder; Allan Seager's, a revelation of small-town suppression; and George R. Stewart's, sudden excitement.*

The Ogre of a Small Town

THE INHERITANCE. By Allan Seager. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1948. 337 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

ALLAN SEAGER belongs to that little group of college professor-writers which, perhaps to the discomfiture of the "professionals," has been making a distinct place for itself in American writing during the past decade. Robert Penn Warren, Wallace Stegner, Lionel Trilling, and I. J. Kapstein are a few of the better-known members of this set, from which we have come to expect fiction of a distinguished, if rather eclectic, order. In many respects, Seager is the best of the bunch: he is a far better storyteller than most, and he has a gift for sketching character in two or three lines that must be the envy of all.

It is this ability that tempers the main objection that can be aimed at this author's second novel (the first was "Equinox," which enjoyed considerable critical acclaim and a sale of some 25,000 copies). If Seager has a principal fault, it is his lack of restraint. He spells out his theme again and again, leaving nothing to the imagination, and the book might have been cut profitably by almost one-third. Yet when one looks back on some of the graphic, touching, and shocking scenes, and realizes that the author has given us so many characters done so remarkably well, one is inclined to forgive him.

"The Inheritance" is set in a Michigan town big enough to have two movie theatres, two fairly good restaurants, and a brothel. It is the story of Walter Phelps, the son of a bank president, the last in a line of bankers. Shortly after the book opens, the boy Walter watches his father fight and lick the father of his best friend. The victory makes such an impression on him that he comes to think that his father can do no wrong.

After the death of both his parents in an automobile accident, Walter finds an astonishing collection of pornography in his father's room. A little later, he overhears some former business associates discussing his father in slanderous terms. He finds, in addition, that his inheritance, financially speaking, is not as large as he had imagined it would be. All these things do nothing to vitiate the image he has created. Walter's real inheritance—the mantle of his father—leads him into a series of defiant acts against the town: he gets in a drunken brawl in a hotel room; he takes a prostitute to a country-club-set party. Ultimately, he is committed for insanity.

This is only the barest outline of the story, and does not allow for the character of Eddie Burcham, Walter's best friend. Eddie serves as a sort of powerless conscience; he is a tuberculosis patient who gradually gives up fighting the disease. Toward the end, he says to Walter,

> You and I are already too old to change this town much. We were born and brought up in it and it has tainted us. And there is nothing in the way we were brought up to suggest to us that anything is worth

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doing except to repeat our fathers' lives. . . .

This recapitulation is not really necessary. Seager's gift for character creation is such that his message is made clear long before the book comes to an end. He draws his individuals with striking economy, achieving the difficult feat of making even minor people seem three-dimensional. Thus the reader is shown, not told, the terrifying effect of the small-town upon its residents. The book is an excellent second try, and one can only hope that Seager will not wait too long to give us a third.

From Little Sparks Mighty Fir Trees Go

FIRE. By George R. Stewart. New York: Random House. 1948. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

SINCE anything burning briskly has a compelling attraction for city dwellers, one may safely predict that this book will enjoy a success in our urban centers. It is the story of a forest fire in California, done in the style with which readers of Mr. Stewart's "Storm" are already familiar and of which it is only necessary to say that it is the effect of a raid by journalism upon fiction. It is not the reviewer's habit to quote from blurbs, but he cannot refrain from remarking that the sentence which begins, "The hero of George R. Stewart's new novel is a spark that almost flickers out at birth, etc., etc." is, at least to anyone who has ever lived in California, about as virulent a misstatement as has appeared in print for a long time. If there is a hero in Mr. Stewart's novel, it is the collective effort of experienced fire-fighters; and if there is a villain, it is the inexperienced fire-fighter who gives way to panic. To do Mr. Stewart no more than justice, he does not himself take the fatal plunge into animism. Considering the temptations which his theme has placed in his way, one can only applaud the infrequency with which he refers to his forest fire as a monster or a demiurge or a person. To him a fire is a fire, and from this point of view his book is a very honest piece of work.

The essence of Mr. Stewart's tale is that there is, on the one hand, a fire (set off by lightning) in a national forest; and, on the other hand, the U. S. Forest Service. The former, as it grows from a spark to a conflagration, allows Mr. Stewart to prove that he is on writing terms with meteorology, geology, and natural history; the latter permits him to show that it is a complex and efficient entity, and to suggest at the same time the ways in which it might be improved by further Government expenditures.

In short, Mr. Stewart in "Fire" is a reporter who believes that his work will be enhanced if he gives it the appearance of fiction. This works out very well, so long as he confines himself to rendering more palatable his extensive research into the habits of fires and the techniques of fire-fighting. Upon the evidence presented by "Fire," however, one might reasonably doubt if his talents are those of a novelist. His main plot—outside that of the growth and conquest of the fire—is one which has already been worn thin: the plot of the young Supervisor, whose methods are up to date but who is not quite sure of himself as a leader of men, and his mental contest with the old Ranger, who is a leader of men but whose methods have grown antiquated. Substitute Engineer for Supervisor and Foreman for Ranger and you can readily see that this is, to put it very mildly, a twice-told tale. On a lower plane of invention, Mr. Stewart introduces a tall, immensely nubile, and quite idiotic girl look-out who becomes romantically involved with a young meteorologist in a red jeep, and who belongs solely to the comic strips.

None the less, when Mr. Stewart writes about the conflagration itself he is direct and dramatic. Fortunately, his book is far more an animated and informed essay on fires and fire-fighting than it is a novel about leadership and love. Indeed, his description of the ease with which a great fire can be started, the magnificence and terror which he is often able to impose upon its progress from ridge to ridge, and the dramatic perils to which he exposes (and, in two instances, sacrifices) the men who have to fight it, are all so exciting that one trembles at the thought of this book's falling into the hands of a pyromaniac. It will, however, certainly make any rational visitor to California think twice before he throws a lighted cigarette out of his automobile. It is effective popular education; and if it is called a novel, no great harm will be done.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 253

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 253 will be found in the next issue.

NVV PZNP CB ZSFND FSBP

IRPIMXINUR CQ CP UMRB DMP

NUKNDAR.—R. XCYYMD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 252

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it.

ARTEMUS WARD

Grown-up Fairy Tale

PILGRIM'S INN. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

IT IS seldom that we come across such a disarmingly honest statement by an author of purpose in writing a book as we find in "Pilgrim's Inn." Elizabeth Goudge says,

> Like all my books, "Pilgrim's Inn" has a happy ending, for I love these people too much to let them be unhappy for long. I know that happy endings are sometimes inartistic, and certainly not always true to life, but I can't write any other kind. I am not a serious chronicler of the very terrible contemporary scene but just a story-teller, and there is so much tragedy about us everywhere today that we surely don't want it in the story books to which we turn when we are ill or unhappy, or can't go to sleep at night. We must escape somewhere. I had some hours of escape when I was writing this book, and I hope very much that perhaps a few readers may have them when they read it.

What can a poor reviewer do against such forthrightness? That statement may be held against her, but I for one cannot find it in my heart to do so, for it is entirely honest and accurate. The flaw in her book *is* the sweet side, the Pollyanna note, that fatal emphasis on the happy ending. On the other hand, she does provide popular reading for all ages and "some hours of escape" as she promises. Her public will like this pleasant picture with its country background and complete respite from both trouble and reality. Her book is really a grown-up fairy tale.

She takes a group of people, particularly the various generations of the Eliot family, shows them to us burdened with many stresses and strains, and lets them solve their prob-

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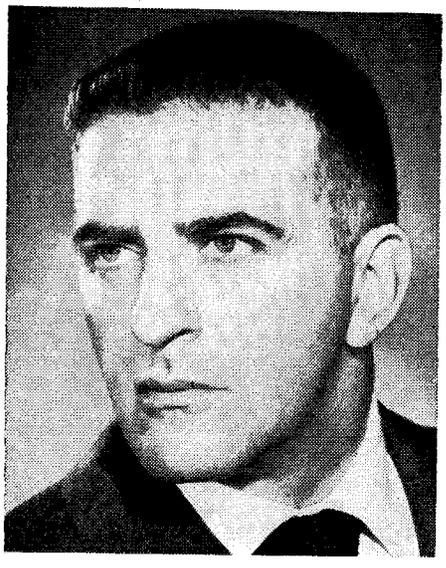
lems by means of an old house, a pilgrim inn, a *maison-dieu.* The Herb-of-Grace inn has a magic soothing effect on all forms of trouble and unrest, from the pangs of love to childish worries. (There is a "Passing of the Third Floor Back" note about all this) Miss Goudge chooses a group from different backgrounds and of varying ages from five-year-old twins to old people. In every case, the enchantment works. The original idea of retiring to the inn comes from Lady Eliot, the spirited eighty-six-year-old grandmother and matriarch of the family who was keenly aware of the fatigue, lassitude, and emotional lacks of her children and grandchildren, and like the Lady from Philadelphia, determined to solve all the complications. Her idea works like a charm for all snarls smooth out in the quiet of the old house and the charming woodland country round about. Miss Goudge has a gift for describing birds, beasts, trees, and rivers. Her details about the herbs and the flowering countryside reminded me of the borders of medieval tapestries, the flora and fauna of the region, giving the key to the scene above.

What this really is, is escape reading certainly, escape to unreality and sylvan enchantment. Like the Eliots, most readers need to escape from something now—if only the newspaper headlines—and Miss Goudge's pleasant flowering countryside may appeal to them as a refuge. Her first and last sentences are typical of her ever-hopeful sentiment. "The sun shining through the uncurtained east window woke Sally to a new day." . . . and after 300 and more pages we find, "And tomorrow would be a new day, and a hard one. But the sap rose from inexhaustible depths and the spring would come again." Like Lady Eliot, Miss Goudge has a panacea for all modern ills, a sweetish mixture, but one that will please her readers . . . as she says, "when they are ill or unhappy or can't go to sleep at night." She does what she set out to do.

George Stewart "does not take the fatal plunge into animism."

Elizabeth Goudge "has a panacea for all modern ills."



Lenard Kaufman "hasn't shot his whole wad on one throw."

Parable on Faith

THE LOWER PART OF THE SKY. By Lenard Kaufman. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 307 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERIC L. MCKITRICK

WHEN a novel impresses us, particularly a first novel, we are very likely to be struck not by the amount of vigor and energy expended on it so much as by what seems to have been conserved. Lenard Kaufman belongs in the three per cent category, statistically speaking, where this holds true. It is gratifying to realize that he hasn't shot his whole wad on one throw; he still has, apparently, a great deal more to say. I find it difficult to believe that "The Lower Part of the Sky" really is, in fact, his first book; in any case, it is a very good one.

Faith, as a motive force in our daily actions, still has and probably will continue to have an undeniable potency which is not diminished by its steady transfer from traditional to irreligious and anti-religious doctrines. The significance of this is both demonstrated and skilfully called into question in Mr. Kaufman's story. Little Robert, age nine, seems to have discovered the power to "make things happen." As he is playing near the great chestnut tree in a neighbor's yard, a gang of four hideous little ruffians from Liberty Street comes along and gives him a frightful beating. Lying on the ground, barely able to move, he sees their leader, Tony Scarpo, climbing the tree. "Slip . . . slip on a branch," he gasps, "and die . . . die."

For weeks, months, Robert seems to be immune from Angelo, Patsy, and "the Polack," who believe in the Evil Eye and who seek unceasingly to avenge their friend's death. Does Robert's power save him? In the end, apparently not. Even so, Patsy and the Polack still cannot believe that Tony is really dead, despite the profane assurances of Angelo, the "smart one" of the gang, who has taken over the leadership. They visit the graveyard, and the caretaker tells them that "whoever finds God lives forever." Angelo is beside himself with fury, but the others insist on going off to the country to look for God. As night approaches, they come upon a little wooden house at the top of a high hill, with a cross nailed to it. An old man with a long white beard is inside.

Ten years pass, and the little monsters have grown up. Petty thievery has given way to robbery and murder. Angelo, who believes in nothing, cannot understand, with all the inane risks that Patsy and the Polack are forever taking, how it is that the law hasn't caught up with them all long ago. His two carefree cronies, of little more than moronic intelligence, tell him he "worries too much." *They* are not afraid. Nothing can possibly

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Pipe Lines to Hope

DIXON WECTER'S vivacious article in the April 10 issue of *SRL* is good proof that Liberalism's era of pulling its punches is about over. Its attack on the modern metaphysician's attempt to solve world problems by argument based on premises drawn from the great books of the past, hits hard. This attack is not upon the books as such, but rather upon the strain and stretch required to apply their thinking to a modern environment of which their authors were necessarily ignorant. He does not think that the strainers and stretchers are up to their job, or even understand it. For an example, he notes Mr. Weaver's recent "Ideas Have Consequences," in which the author holds out seductively an apple flavored with noble ideas of the past, saying, eat this and acquire the knowledge of how good were the Middle Ages, how evil the state of modern democratic man. And indeed those of us who were in mid-Europe in the early 1930's remember barrels of seductive apples in every market and, if we had imagination, could guess at if not see the evil Nazi worms crawling under the rosy skins.

Yet readers of Mr. Wecter's article and of many like it about the need of the "great books" as a core of our education may easily fail to see the real issue through the dust of controversy. It is one of the great issues for our civilization, and one must oversimplify in stating it. To understand the power over the imagination of the incredible triumphs of technology in our day is not difficult. To see, if one has a glimmer of philosophy, that this technology of itself is aimless beyond the physical needs of man, is no more difficult. Indeed, to the clairvoyant, this technological science, with so much more skill in destruction than in construction, is like the vast worm of mythology coiling its blind head around the world. The hard, the bitterly hard thing, is to know what to do about it. This is the issue.

Even fifty years ago, as most of us know, the pipe lines from the great classics of our civilization had become clogged or broken. Plato, Aristotle, the Hindu books, Homer and Virgil, Dante, Faust had become subjects of linguistics or philology; the Old Testament (one of the great books) a theme for historical controversy. As the elixir of creative energy poured into the new sciences, it leaked out drop by drop from the humanities and the documents of our religion. The crisis arrived when after two wars it became tragically evident that in education we had burned bridges behind us. The crisis was upon us when scientific materialism, which most of us (consciously or unconsciously) had accepted as a guide, strayed away from civilization as we had known it and began to produce a new type of man, efficient, brutal, his imagination limited to concepts of power, not happy, not content, never kind, with faith only in his might. Two great nations especially were reconstructed on this ideology—or so the leaders said. There was enough moral force left to beat down the one. Was there enough to penetrate or repenetrate the other with the truths (if they were truths) which the Greeks and the Hebrews, and two thousand years of struggle against evil and ignorance, had given us as ideals for the Western World?

Obviously our first step was to restore the books. Not one book like the Bible, or Thomas Aquinas, or Plato, or the high imagination of Shakespeare, but all the great books. For in both religion and education there are many mansions. And it cannot be supposed that even a great authoritarian church is enough to care for all spiritual minds, or that the independent soul which demands direct relations with its God without human intervention, is to be written off because too often God has dropped out of the equation. The first necessity was to re-emphasize the great causes and storehouses of the morality and the spirituality of our past. The books came first, and President Hutchins of Chicago has been a spearhead in that battle. Yet quite as important were their interpreters, whose duty was to restore vital communication. The food of life is useless unless man can be induced to eat it. The problem was educational in the best sense. And the problem is still emphatically unsolved.

It is essential—so essential that words cannot convey the penalty for failure—that the pipe lines to our stores of culture and religion shall be reopened. And here the two terms, religion and culture, are used interpenetratively, as indeed they are and always have been since religion was torn away from mere magic. The first positive step has been taken in this re-emphasis upon the great books. But when we stop there with a waving of Plato or what-have-you over sparse classes, it is no more than another attempt at magic. Too much of the rest of the back-to-the-humanities movement has been carping, pontificating, or despair. If one-tenth of the imagination, the creative energy, and the sheer concentration of the intellect which has produced the atomic bomb had been devoted to retapping the ancient waters of life, and finding *how* and *where* they could be made to flow in a world irrevocably changed by science, we might even now be able to exchange this despair for hope.

H.S.C.

Prisoner

By Dorothy Alyea

WHEN at the last the motion in her mind
Revealed him single-minded as a hawk,
Blank, hooded, poised; no warmth of humankind
In his crookt back or his relentless walk,
She broke his cage. Past her into the night
She felt the wings of that freed spirit fly,
Familiar of winds that beat upon her sight,
Swallowed by greater darkness than the sky.

Quiet the household ticked. Gray ashes fell
Soft on the grate; there was no other sound.
She pondered how the devil must creep from hell
Abhorring noise. Patient the hours went round.
She banked the fire and straightened up her head,
Warmed her long lonely hands and went to bed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Psychical, Not Physical!

SIR: Might I draw attention to two small but rather important misprints on Page 31 in my article on H. G. Wells [*SRL* Mar. 13]. I wrote that the neglect of psychical research was one of the oddest and most serious oversights of modern scientists. This has been printed in the article not as "psychical" but "physical" and therefore makes the sentences bear quite a different meaning than they were meant to have.

GERALD HEARD.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Praise and Dissent

SIR: A few words of compliment and one of dissent concerning your poetry edition March 20.

The praise: An excellent editorial, "The Perils of Poetry"; some choice poems; and, finally, an appreciative handling of Shapiro.

The dissent: In Gustav Davidson's review of the MacIntyre translation of Rilke's "Life of the Virgin Mary," we find that this is "a group of poems about which . . . almost nothing has been heard this side of the Atlantic. . . . There have been no previous versions published in America." In 1938 W. W. Norton & Co. published "Translations from the Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke" by M. D. Herter Norton, a collection which includes the entire "Marienleben" cycle. And Norton's translations of the passages quoted in the review seem to me to be much more felicitous than those of MacIntyre.

Again, Mr. Davidson states that the cycle of lyrics was composed in 1900. To the best of my knowledge, only the two poems "Annunciation of the Shepherds" and "Rest on the Flight Into Egypt" were written in that year, and the others much later, probably around 1912.

I am not an habitual grouser, but these errors were too glaring to pass unnoticed.

JAMES R. FRAKES.

Chicago, Ill.

Zig-Zagging

SIR: I am doubly puzzled by a review of John D. Weaver's "Such Victory" [*SRL* Apr. 3]. My first surprise is the title: "Zig-Zagging the Color Line." Mr. Weaver's book neither zigs nor zags for a single paragraph, nor has it anything to do with the color line. I suspect your reviewer put this headline on a piece about W. L. White's "Lost Boundaries"—and then forgot to write the review.

My second amazement is your reviewer's statement that although the story is authentic, the people are not. To me the people are the very heart of the story. They are not only real and immediately alive, they are simple and moving—they *are* the story. Could it be that your reviewer and I did not read the same book?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Untermeyer is correct. The review for "Lost Boundaries" zigzagged its own head in the lamented strike-born issue of Apr. 3 (see Errata, Apr. 10).*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Deo Optimo Maximo—I think I'll call it Benedictine!"

Cézanne Speaks

SIR: A few years before his death, Cézanne corresponded with his friend, Emile Bernard. In a letter of April 15, 1904, Cézanne wrote, "Let me repeat what I told you here; you must see in nature the cylinder, the sphere, the cone." I suggest that these words taken from their context and distorted to read (by omitting nature) "you must see only the cylinder, the sphere, the cone," have been the poison afflicting and often murdering the art of the past four decades.

The abstractionists have not only disregarded Cézanne, they have been faithless to him. They have shut their eyes to nature; they have built Geometry into God. Euclid, not Cézanne, is their master. This is not to disparage Euclid but to remind ourselves that he was a geometrician, not an artist.

Let us then turn to the real Cézanne; to his credo; voiced over and over again as anyone who will examine letters he wrote during his last few years will discover.

"Make studies," the master wrote in 1902 to the young painter, Charles Camoin, "from . . . Veronese and Rubens. . . . But you would do even better to work directly from nature." A year later: "Go to the Louvre. But after having looked at the great masters . . . hasten to leave them and revive through contact with nature, the instincts, the sensations of art . . . make some good studies from nature; they are the best of all." And again in 1904: "Whoever your favorite master may be, he should never be more than a guidepost to you. Otherwise, you will be only an imitator. With a feeling for nature . . . you should succeed in liberating yourself."

Writing Bernard in that same year, he declared that "the artist should scorn any opinion that is not based on an intelligent observation of character." He should (let non-objectionists take note) ". . . avoid the literary spirit which so often leads the painter astray from his real mission, the concrete study of nature—and causes him to lose himself . . . among intangible speculations."

Bernard was then in process of writing an article about Cézanne. Cézanne commented in a letter of May 26, 1904, "I always come back to this point: the painter must devote himself entirely to study of nature and produce pictures that have real meaning."

Real meaning? What would the master say today if he walked past the wildernesses of abstractions which clutter the dealers' galleries? What would he think of recent Picassographs?

One more quotation, for it shows what Cézanne thought of abstraction: "The labor which brings about progress . . . is sufficient compensation for a lack of comprehension on the part of fools. The litterateur expresses himself by means of abstractions." Turning then, in contrast, from abstractions to "the true painter," Cézanne sums up his convictions by saying: "One cannot be too scrupulous, too sincere, or too humble before nature."

There stands revealed the real Cézanne—scrupulous, sincere, humble. What a farce, what a pity that his interest in cylinders and cones and cubes as a means, but as a means only, for giving dimension and depth to painting, should have become an end to misbegotten generations of men who have deserted nature. Yes, it has become their end, but we may rejoice for their end is in sight.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

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Toward a Unitary Philosophy

LEWIS MUMFORD

ABOUT ten years ago there came to my desk a mimeographed memorandum from London. The memorandum was remarkable for the clarity and courage of its thought; for the writer, whom I could not identify, analyzed the crisis that confronted the world and proposed certain steps toward further understanding it and meeting it, with an air of quiet authority that carried conviction. Some queer chance saved those sheets from the wastebasket; possibly I meant to write to the author. In 1944 an English correspondent sent me a new book that had just appeared: "The Next Development in Man."* I hardly know what quality in the book prompted me to rummage through my files and bring to light the neglected memorandum on the crisis. But my hunch proved right: the writer of both was L. L. Whyte, a British physicist. Though I found myself at odds at various points with the author's philosophy, I read his book with unwavering admiration; and that admiration has survived a second and even more critical reading. For he has addressed himself to the supreme task of our time: that of working out a unitary philosophy, which by giving unity to our thought will lay the basis for unity in our lives; so that out of this unity we shall produce a unified world.

The present American edition is substantially the same as that which came out in England; although in a new preface, in which Mr. Whyte promises another book outlining his theory of organism, he retracts one of the observations that originally troubled me: namely, that Russia is a good example of unitary society, different though its pattern is from the kind of unity more democratic nations may achieve. In essence, this book is a philosophic interpretation of the crisis that Western Man now confronts; and it presents a bold, yet modest, outline of a method and a system of thought that shall be capable of overcoming the existing forces of disintegration and destruction. This effort gathers significance and strength from the fact that it does not stand alone: Toynbee and Kahler in history, Mannheim in sociology, Northrop and Waldo Frank in cultural interpretation, MacMurray in ethics, Korzybski in semantics, Wheller and Jennings in biology, Adelbert Ames in optical research, Geddes Lloyd Morgan and Whitehead in philosophy, to mention only a few outstanding names of the last generation, have been working toward unitary conceptions in thought and life; and all of them have left behind a static and formal unity for a conception that finds wholeness in the ceaseless processes of life.

Mr. Whyte's book consists of four broad parts. The first is an outline of the unitary philosophy itself, as derived from the nature of the physical and the biological world, and from an historical investigation of the nature of man. The second part is an attempt to present and analyze the character of European man, as this has been defined in thought and action between the fifth century B.C., when Plato helped establish a static dualism, and the twentieth century A.D., a point at which all the established forms of Western life, Christianity, humanism, capitalism, are in an advanced stage of dissolution—empty of relevant content even when their fossilized shapes seem outwardly intact. Here Mr. Whyte attempts to test out his unitary postulates by applying them to the interpretation of history. Realizing that his swift historic summary overlooks the formative part played by individual thinkers and thus makes process seem altogether automatic, Mr. Whyte attempts to correct this by an even swifter biographical excursus into nine thinkers, from Heraclitus to Freud, who either furthered or frustrated the development of unitary thought, based on the principle of becoming. The last part of the book is an attempt to define the nature and potentialities of unitary man in our time, and to estimate the present "world trend."

Now let us look at the central elements in Mr. Whyte's unitary doctrine more closely. How does it differ from traditional views? According to Mr. Whyte, the achievement of European thought, from Plato to our own day, has been associated with the development of a static dualism, which falsified the true nature of the world and man. It was not till around 1600, when the physical sciences discovered change as a constant factor in the physical world, that the hold of static concepts was broken; but science, in the person of Galileo and Descartes, still accepted the radical dualism that pervaded European thought and sought to overcome it merely by leaving out of its account of the world every part of experience that could not be reduced to quantitative elements. Actually, change is at work throughout nature, and process—in Mr. Whyte's definition—is a particular kind of change, directional, one-way, irreversible change, which takes place in all organisms and not least in man. Eternity, immortality, "heaven," ideals of timeless perfection, are all denials of process. With static concepts as our tools, we break down the unity and directional tendency of process, separating matter and mind, time and space, body and soul, facts and values, thought and action, treating these aspects of a unified whole as if they were separate entities.

LONG ago Mr. Whyte's basic thought was expressed, as Mr. Whyte would be quick to acknowledge, by Friedrich Engels in his argument over

* *THE NEXT DEVELOPMENT IN MAN. By Lancelot Law Whyte. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1948. 322 *pp.* $3.50.

Kaleidoscope

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

DOWN hexagons of consciousness, we drop
Splinters of color from a glittered dream
With duller scraps of fact. Now from the top
We watch them sink. But suddenly a beam
Of sunlight glows—memory turns the glass—
Mosaics form before our startled eyes
Like nothing we have seen; yet as they pass,
We mark the known which patterned the surprise.

For all we think and read and touch and hear
Merges again in groupings oddly new,
Until the person-I must still appear
A shifting puzzle to the person-you;
And both find, baffled while the bright shapes change,
The parts familiar, but the patterns strange.

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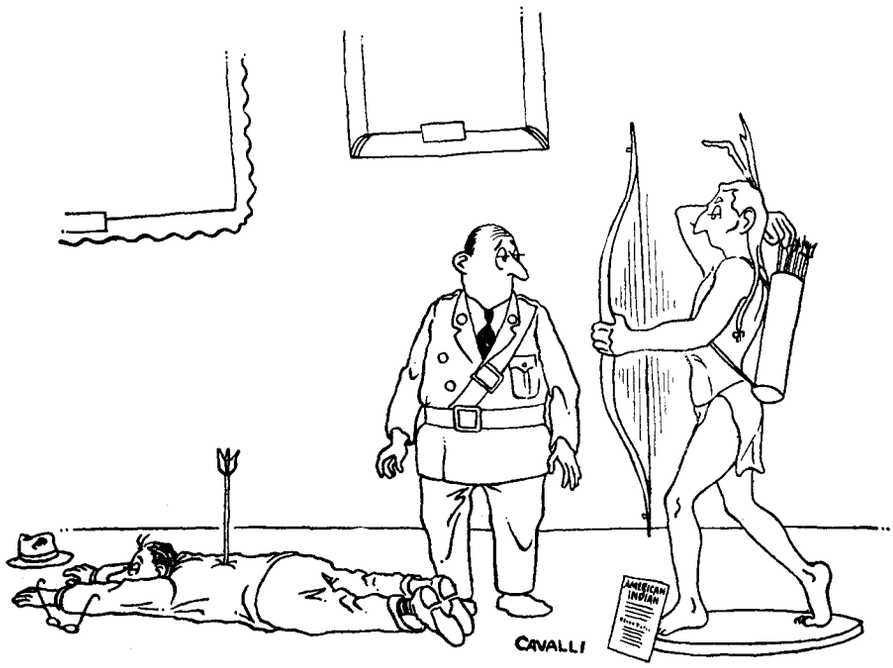

Feuerbach; for Engels said "that the world is not to be comprehended as a complex of ready-made things, but as a complex of processes, in which things apparently stable (no less than their mind-images in our heads, the concepts) go through uninterrupted change." But Mr. Whyte goes further: he postulates a tendency toward integration, inherent in all processes: this he calls a formative tendency. A unitary philosophy, as he defines it, is a philosophy that recognizes the universality of process and that seeks to facilitate the changes that are inherent, in any given situation, in the act of development.

At this point I must halt my interpretation of Mr. Whyte's philosophy in order to question whether his definition of progess, as "form within change," is sufficient to cover all the manifestations of process in either organisms, personalities, or societies. Can one give a full account of process without taking account of arrests, reversions, undoings of the formative tendency? William Morton Wheeler, the biologist, pointed to evidence that *Abbau* or de-building may take place in the same organism along with evolutionary or progressive tendencies. If this is true, the understanding and furthering of process is only one part of the whole duty of man: for there is a constant need for overcoming inertia and for resisting the active tendencies toward disintegration, since inertia, left to itself, may not merely halt process but throw its weight on the side of de-building tendencies. There is a hierarchy of functions in all living processes which accompanies that hierarchy of power which Mr. Whyte recognizes. In his effort to throw off a static moralism, Mr. Whyte robs himself of the means to understand the natural antagonism between the instinctual nature of man, which tends to be mechanical, repetitive, unprogressive, and those higher functions, so well described by Angyal, which often sacrifice immediate organic survival to development. A fully unitary philosophy must assume that the static, de-grading tendencies of the physical world, subsumed under the first and second laws of motion, are still at work in organisms: it should also allow for the fact that these tendencies may sometimes disguise themselves as the path of development.

Perhaps Mr. Whyte's persuasive exposition of process would throw the reader off his guard, did he not show its limitation by his original words about Germany and Russia, as examples of the unitary process in society. In both cases his rejection of ethical choices, not at least ethical inhibitions —which, biologically speaking, are the very key to man's special growth, since the inhibitory functions are localized in man's forebrain,—caused him to underrate the downward tendencies in both societies. To arrest de-building, to oppose automatic processes, to choose the upward rather than the downward paths of development—these seem to me an essential necessity of process when it arrives at the partly conscious and partly autonomous human stage: for the formative elements in process are not self-validating and self-maintaining. Unfortunately, Mr. Whyte, uncritically following the example of a one-sided science since Galileo, has thrown overboard the concepts of value and purpose. Hence he lacks criteria for determining the positive and negative poles of process, for choosing a direction, and for determining whether to accelerate or retard functions. Mr. Whyte's interpretation of process is valid only for the upbuilding stages of the life cycle.

Though Mr. Whyte is correct in saying that we have lacked a unitary philosophy based on a concept of process, he curiously overlooks a whole century's work which parallels his own thesis, and which came to grief precisely because of the same limitations which his own philosophy displays. Perhaps only a crystallographer could have so completely overlooked the role played by the doctrine of evolution for a whole century: a role so exhaustive that John Dewey dedicated a book to The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy, and even Woodrow Wilson could describe the revolution in political thinking in his time as a change from the mechanical concepts of Newton and Locke to the evolutionary concepts of Darwin. For Mr. Whyte to pick out the work of Hegel and Marx and to overlook the far more decisive effect of Darwin and Spencer is a remarkable oversight: all the more because their followers applied process concepts to every department of biology, anthropology, and sociology. Why have the evolutionary doctrines, after their first breathtaking successes, not achieved unitary thought? The philosophic answer to this question seems fairly plain: they were either compelled illicitly to smuggle some conception of finalism into their original concept of causality, as Spencer did, or they were forced into Mr. Whyte's position, that if good and bad mean anything, better is just a name for the next stage in a process and worse is a name for the stage that has been left behind. By neither method can a unitary philosophy be developed.

PROCESS thinking, indeed, in a partial form parallel to that sketched out by Mr. Whyte, has in fact contributed to the eliquescence of contemporary society. There are, it is true, many static and dualistic holdovers in our thought, because of the primitive nature of language itself and the survival of earlier institutions like the Christian Church. But we have all grown up, certainly in America, more disposed to accept change than to reject it, to espouse the new because it is new and to turn our backs on the traditional just because it is old: we are more ready to accelerate changes than to evaluate them, or to conceive it even theoretically possible to halt, abate, or redirect them. "Education for a changing world" is one of the clichés of progressive educational thought: a highly dangerous counsel of adjustment in a situation where the de-building processes may, possibly, be uppermost. Once a product

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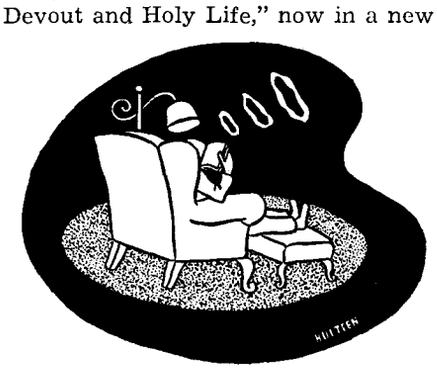
is "in the works," we take for granted that nothing can halt it, though the final result may be as fatal to human development as would be the wholesale employment of the atomic bomb. By throwing the weight of his argument against dualism, Mr. Whyte has overlooked the dangers in his own still one-sided conception of process: a conception that attempts to interpret process on the emergent human level without reference to value and purpose. But it is only fair to add that, since writing "The Next Development in Man," he seems to have become conscious of part of his weakness; for in a brilliant summary of his position in *The Listener* (January 15, 1948) he wrote: "The essence of the present human plight is that mankind possesses no universally acceptable and effective system of ethics." Lacking more basic concepts of value and purpose, Mr. Whyte neglects the dynamic role they have constantly played in the development of community and personality.

No one knows better than Mr. Whyte, however, that "The Next Development in Man" is but the sketch of a system that has still to be worked out; for he has been compelled to postulate a body of "unitary thought" when he is actually expressing his own thought, in a still disembodied state. But his modest temper, his flexibility of mind, his constant allowance for further developments, disarm criticism, and by their very tentativeness helpfully promote the unity still to be achieved through a more inclusive approach. The outstanding merit of this book, for the intelligent reader, is not that it provides a pre-digested philosophy, but that it evokes a continual dialogue between the author and the reader: no one can read Mr. Whyte intelligently without achieving a deeper insight into his own philosophic position and various current alternatives. Mr. Whyte's distinction is not that he has always found the right answers, but that he has asked the right questions; and for that his most protestant reader must be grateful. Even when, from my own angle, Mr. Whyte's statement of unitary thought seems off the beam, the fact is that he still has in view the ultimate landing field which our age must select as its destination: a unified world, dominated by unified personalities, capable of subordinating their limited static ends, as members of tribes, nations, classes, to the continued development of mankind as a whole. This book is not, any more than Toynbee's work is, a shortcut to salvation: but it is a challenge to build the long difficult road that will take us toward that ever-receding goal.

"THE Thought and Character of William James" (Harvard University Press, $6), by Ralph Barton Perry, is an excellent abridgment of the two-volume work of the same title, published in 1935. The book might well have been called "The Education of William James," for that is the tale it tells. It is the fascinating story of a man who spent his thinking years looking for usable truth, searching for "a solution that should be not merely tenable as judged by scientific standards, but at the same time propitious enough to live by." It is the story of one whose will to believe was strong, but who "had contracted at an early age the scientist's standard of parsimony, which forbids one's spending more in the way of belief than one's income in the form of fact." No philosopher was ever more serious than James as regarded his ends, but none has ever been able to speak more gaily of the problems that plagued his philosophical journey. There was not a grain of professional pomposity in James's makeup. His letters have long been known for their vivacity and humor, and of these letters Mr. Perry has made liberal use. But behind these letters was a character that had to fight steadily against its own inclinations and the betrayals of the flesh which housed it. This battle called for heroic effort, and resulted in victories that must be called heroic. "The great use of a life," James once said, "is to spend it for something that outlasts it." By so spending his life as to make possible such a record of it as Ralph Barton Perry's, William James assured his survival.

In connection with one of James's famous theories ("we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble") it is interesting to note that he had a precursor in the shape of William Law, author of "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," now in a new edition (Westminster Press, $2). While arguing the benefit of psalm-singing, Law declared that "as singing is the natural effect of joy in the mind, so it is as truly a natural cause of raising joy in the mind." And again: "The soul has no thought or passion, but the body is concerned in it; the body has no action or motion, but what in some degree affects the soul." Could any proponent of psychosomatic theory be more explicit than this eighteenth-century non-juror?



Contending that the spirit of devotion is "an improvable talent of the mind," Law purposed to set down in plain words just how this talent might be cultivated. But his plain words were instinct with the power of a master stylist, and in giving his instruction he held up a mirror to mankind—a mirror into which no one can look, be he Christian or not, without recognizing in the glass the darkest features of his own image. It is because of these facts that "A Serious Call" is truly great.

New Directions has performed a valuable service by making Dudley Fitts's "An Anthology of Contemporary Latin-American Poetry" available at the modest price of $2.50. This collection of verse, written by Latin-Americans since the death of Ruben Dario in 1916, is richly representative of its field. Translations, that strive for literalness without awkwardness, confront the original texts, and the editor is justified in asserting that "it should be possible for readers even distantly acquainted with the original languages to bring something of the color and tone of the Spanish, Portuguese, or French verses over to the translations."

Caroline Thomas Harnsberger's "Mark Twain at Your Fingertips" (Beechhurst Press, $5) provides a ready reference volume for anyone who wishes to know what Twain had to say on a vast variety of subjects. These five hundred pages hold much homely wisdom, a good deal of wit, and a certain amount of feeble humor. A fine well for dipping.

"The Practical Book of American Antiques," by H. D. Eberlein and Abbot McClure, and "The Practical Book of American Furniture and Decoration," by Edward Stratton Holloway (Halcyon House, $2.95 each) are two well-tested guides that successfully fulfill the promises of their titles.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Belles Lettres.

In discussing the Bogotá conference recently, Walter Lippmann wrote: "The conference showed, so I venture to think, that the United States and the Latin-American republics, despite all their traditional bonds, do not constitute a viable community in the modern world." There has been no lack of good books on Latin America, like the recent "Lands of the Dawning Tomorrow," by Carleton Beals, and "The Southern Americas," by Abel Plenn; but the cultural traditions of the two continents are so far apart that rapprochement is difficult. "A Sarmiento Anthology," reviewed below, will introduce to North American readers a famous Argentinian, little known in this hemisphere. . . . For admirers of Rilke and Hart Crane (see the two books reviewed here) we recommend two new books on Kafka—"Diaries: 1910-1913," and Charles Neider's "The Frozen Sea: A Study of Kafka."

Introducing an "All-Around Genius"

A SARMIENTO ANTHOLOGY. Translated from the Spanish by Stuart Edgar Grummon. Edited by Allison Williams Bunkley. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 336 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

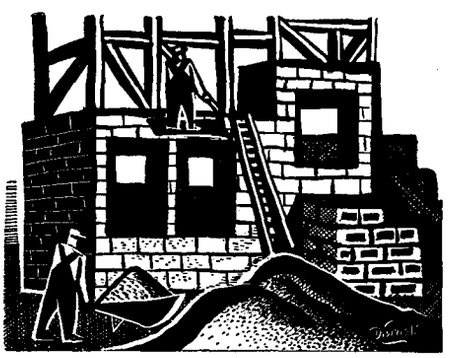
THIS volume is designed to acquaint the English-reading public of North America with an eminent South American: Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, of Argentina. To that end Mr. Bunkley has written a biographical introduction and made a selection from Sarmiento's writings. The result is interesting, but perhaps not as important as the editor seems to think.

The trouble is that Mr. Bunkley has claimed too much for his hero, and thereby done him no service. Sarmiento was ambitious, energetic, intellectually alert, industrious, courageous, and versatile. He was a fighting journalist and editor, a city official, a senator, a minister of domestic and foreign affairs, a theoretical and practical educator, a provincial governor, an ambassador, and President of Argentina from 1868 to 1874. But Mr. Bunkley introduces him as a "universal man" and an "all-around genius," and subsequently speaks of him as a "titan" and "one of the great geniuses of the nineteenth century." This is, to say the least, ill-considered.

So far as universality is concerned, the combination of journalism and politics is a common one in all Latin countries, and Sarmiento is no more than a respectable example of a type. So far as genius is concerned, he certainly was not one; for the engine of genius is an original, explorative, creative intelligence, whereas Sarmiento's ideas were all plainly derivative and not always well-digested. What he had to say about education, for example, was already commonplace in enlightened lands when he spoke and wrote. It was important only because his words were addressed to a backward people; important only in its particular time and place. The speech of genius is not so limited. And titan? Well, hardly. According to Mr. Bunkley's own account, Sarmiento's zealous efforts ended in failure and disappointment.

Born in the province of San Juan, in 1811, he grew up in a land that was ruled by gaucho tyrants of the stripe of Facundo Quiroga and Juan Manuel Rosas. The revolutionary process, begun in 1810, had started with a revolt of the cities against Spain, and continued with a successful attack of rural gaucho leaders upon the cities. Nineteenth-century men and twelfth-century men clashed, and the latter triumphed. But by 1845 Sarmiento told himself that the captives were beginning to lead their captors. "The country people having fallen upon the cities, the gauchos have become urbanized and have come to sympathize with the city's cause."

Sarmiento, who had read Franklin's "Autobiography" as one might read a Bible, who had listened eagerly to the voices of nineteenth-century liberalism and romanticism, believed in the dignity of the individual and the power of the people, in the efficacy of reason, in economic progress, in government by laws instead of men, and in the almighty power of universal education. He blamed the Spanish heritage for Argentina's backwardness, and looked to the United States as "a goal, guide, and model." Argentina's thought and way of life must be "Northamericanized," the gauchocracy must be put down, an educational system based on the teachings of Horace Mann must be established in the land of Quiroga and Rosas, and the Yankee business invasion of South America must be encouraged as well as admired. To translate these ideas into a practical program was Sarmiento's life task. And how well did he succeed? One need not go beyond Mr. Bunkley's introduction to find the answer.



The reforms that Sarmiento considered of prime importance "disintegrated after he had lost his power," while those that he deemed of secondary importance proved more lasting, "but, without their primary objectives, they often became distorted and produced results far different from what Sarmiento had sought." In short, the efforts which culminated in his presidential leadership ended in failure, and his subsequent career was even less satisfactory.

Turning from Sarmiento the man of action to Sarmiento the man of words, we find him variously represented in this anthology. Some recollections of boyhood are followed by introductory chapters from "Facundo: Civilization and Barbarism," a "novelistic biography" of Facundo Quiroga, which Mr. Bunkley describes as "one of the literary masterpieces of nineteenth-century Romantic prose" and "one of the outstanding books produced in the Americas during this period." Then come a few pages concerned with Sarmiento's experiences as an exiled journalist in Chile, succeeded by a generous portion of his travel notes on the United States as he found it in 1847. Three letters written from the United States in 1865, an article on the same subject, diary jottings, some remarks on education, and a few political fragments complete the uneven collection.

Most readers to whom this anthology is addressed will be best pleased, I think, by Sarmiento's pictures of the United States in the 1840's and 1860's. He was a vigorous, observant, adventurous traveler, and a spirited reporter. His admiration for North Americans was tremendous, even excessive, but he found our ancestors

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amusing as well as admirable; the strangeness of their manners struck nim with all the force of novelty, and he had the art to preserve his impressions, at full strength, for the contemplation and entertainment of posterity. When one reads what he had to say of American social habits, the American's passion for travel, the American honeymoon, Yankee independence and artistic backwardness, American advertizing, and such centers of civilization as Pittsburgh, New York, Cincinnati, and Boston, one wonders that Henry Steele Commager could have overlooked Sarmiento when preparing the recent and excellent anthology "America in Perspective: The United States Through Foreign Eyes."

Many Rich and Curious Things

LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE (Volume II 1910-1926). Translated by Jane Bernard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton. 1948. 468 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

THE PUBLICATION in English of another large collection—more than two hundred—of Rilke's letters will enable American readers to gain better perspectives on the poet's later life and work. Mrs. Norton and her collaborator are to be thanked for continuing their admirable series of Rilke translations. It is indeed encouraging to see a book like this appearing when manufacturing costs and commercial considerations rule publishers' lists increasingly, and Hollywood and the book clubs sit in on every editorial conference, whether invited or not.

The new volume covers the final sixteen years of Rilke's life, from the time of "Malte Laurids Brigge" to his death. In the beginning this was a period of restless wandering, then it became a life dislocated but not broken by the First World War, the implications of which Rilke seems to have understood only in the most shadowy fashion. Then abruptly in 1922 what Rilke called "the mystic of composition" operated after years of eclipse. Completion of the "Duinese Elegies" and the "Sonnets to Orpheus," probably his best and most characteristically Rilkean work, followed. There remained to him only a few years of quiet in Switzerland at his beloved Muzot before he made his will, chose the inscription for his carefully designed tombstone, and died.

There are many rich and curious things in these letters, though to the taste of our unepistolary age they may often seem pretentious and impossibly leisurely. Rilke was even more than in the correspondence of his younger years preoccupied with inner things, with the problem of literary creation, with a restless exchange of ideas with friends and the casual persons who wrote him for advice. Chief among the recipients of his careful, essay-like letters at this time were Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe, his hostess at Duino, and his lifelong counselor, Lou Andreas-Salomé. This second volume, which might satisfy the nonspecialist more completely if it were provided with better biographical material, sheds little light on the mystery of Rilke's wife and daughter, whom he saw not at all during the final years of his life, or on his relations with Marthe, the Paris working girl about whom he wrote so warmly. But there are magnificent descriptions of the aging Duse in Venice, an early and remarkably good tribute to the undiscovered Proust, discussions of Rolland and Valéry, and many wise and enigmatic words on life and nature and love and death.

For us today, these letters are escape literature. If it is at all possible to lead a life such as Rilke's above the atomic battle, it would seem that it must be led in realms geographically and spiritually more remote than Duino and Muzot, in hermitlike isolation in some radiation-proof shelter. *L'homme sensible* can have little place in a world where the popular conception of good writing is usually journalism inextricably mingled with sheer propaganda and a dash of Kraft-Ebbing. It is at least comforting to observe in these letters that twenty-five years ago a poet of stature generally saw through these things. His bewildered reflections on the war of 1914, when briefly he became chauvinistic and was impressed by the German victories, are an exception. Perhaps he could not have coped with the present chaos. Yet it should be remembered (and these letters are the witness) that he held to his goal in troubled times, did what he called his "heart-work," and did not betray his calling.

The book will be something of a necessity for students and admirers of Rilke; to the few others who may come upon it by chance it will at least give a pleasantly nostalgic evocation of vanished literary climates.

Poète Maudit

HART CRANE: A Biographical and Critical Study. By Brom Weber. New York: Bodley Press. 1948. 452 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

IT IS sixteen years since Hart Crane, *poète maudit*, plunged into the sea of the Caribs, not to rise again—after flashing across the skies of American poetry in the most impressive, if bewildering, meteor-dazzle of a poetry-dazzled decade. Now, in an earnest effort to untangle the complexities of Crane's tangled life and no-less-tangled writings, Brom Weber comes forward with the second full-scale study of the poet he calls "the major poetic talent of twentieth-century America." (Philip Horton's pioneer life of Crane—and an adroit job it was too—went out of print shortly after it appeared in 1937.)

Though Mr. Weber is only thirty-one, he has essayed a task of no small proportions. (But Crane was only twenty-seven when "White Buildings" was published, only thirty-one when he finished "The Bridge.") His labors have uncovered some new material bearing upon Crane's career and he earns our gratitude by bringing together a number of poems and prose pieces hitherto either uncollected or never exposed to the light of print. None of this, however, materially changes the picture already given us.

The Weber plan of action—"neither orthodox criticism nor orthodox biography"—was perhaps inevitable, since Crane's life, so far as it shows a singleness of purpose, is inextricable from his poetry. But the result is neither a full-scale biography, nor as sensitive a critical study as he deserves.

For though he trains a conscientious eye upon Crane's poetry, Mr. Weber—if the style of his book is any indication—is hampered by an insensitivity to language which vitiates his value-judgments and makes much of his work painful reading. He outdoes Crane's own irreverence for English syntax and exact denotation, mixes metaphors into an unpalatable stew, and seems fascinated by verbiage.

Malcolm Cowley, in a passage cited, says, "Writing is often worst when it is most profound, saintly, or devoted." Mr. Weber is unquestionably devoted. He has dug deep into Crane's sources and correlations, and displays a talent for analysis and synthesis, rarely brightened by much originality, however. But neither profundity nor devotion can excuse the way in which, for the most part, he out-jargons the worst literary-scientific jargon of the more deadpan journals of our time.

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Mind and Body.

Dr. Rhine of Duke University, pioneer in the study of telepathy, has published three important books in the field. In discussing his latest book, "The Reach of the Mind," last year (SRL Nov. 8), our reviewer remarked, ". . . again the evidence he presents is so startling it will be received by most people emotionally rather than rationally. Few people will decide on logical grounds whether to accept the world-shaking conclusions the Duke work is purported to have established." A Czech-born psychiatrist and a well-known French chemical engineer have now supplemented the work of Dr. Rhine with two books (reviewed below) which carry the scientific study of telepathy into new paths. . . . We present in addition reviews of two books in the medical field which, taken together, should bring the reader up-to-date.

Documenting Extra-Sensory Perception

TELEPATHY AND MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Jan Ehrenwald, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 212 *pp.* $3.

MIND TO MIND. By René Warcolier. Introduction by Gardner Murphy. Edited by Emanuel K. Schwartz. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 109 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SIGNE TOKSVIG

NOT MANY years ago a famous stage "mind-reader" was asked by a professor with an interest in telepathy to come to see him. But it had to be at midnight by the back gate of the garden. Psychologists, whether they teach or heal, are not so stealthy now. Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, Late Assistant Physician, Department of Neurology and Psychiatry, Universities of Prague and Vienna, a Czech who is now associate in psychiatry, Long Island College of Medicine, has let some explosive ideas enter the garden through his interest in telepathy. He has investigated the subject, and in the first part of his important book he gives the reasons which have led him to accept telepathy as a fact, despite the horrid associations which it has for him with animism, spiritism, and other monsters. No one shudders away from them more energetically than Dr. Ehrenwald. He admits, too, that psychoanalysts usually regard belief in telepathy as in their formidable jargon "a manifestation of man's narcissistic libido organization."

Nevertheless, he says, "a small band of amateur investigators and professional scientists, unperturbed by the arguments which have been put forward against the possibility of telepathy and related phenomena have furnished incontrovertible evidence which proves their existence."

This evidence Dr. Ehrenwald briefly recapitulates, but more important for his book is the detailed presentation of the case of Ilga K, a nine-year-old feeble-minded child. She knew her letters, but could neither read nor do sums, except when her mother or her teacher read the passage or did the sum, even in thought only, even if they were in another room, and even if the passage were in a foreign language. From this case, amply documented by competent medical men, Dr. Ehrenwald goes on to show that telepathy sometimes occurs between patient and psychoanalyst, citing Freud himself as being fairly well convinced of this.

What about telepathy? Suppose it is a fact. Dr. Ehrenwald leans to the theory that it is a vestige in us from an amoeban past, brought into function by a need to compensate for some deficiency. Then why bother with it? Here is the crux of this admirable book. Telepathy may explain certain phenomena which have bothered Dr. Ehrenwald (and not him only), namely the tendency of patients to have dreams in accordance with the expectations of the school of psychotherapy to which their doctor belongs. Or, as Dr. Ehrenwald puts it, telepathy "may even influence the course of psychotherapy and determine the pattern of dreams produced in the psychoanalytical situation in accordance with unconscious wishes and expectations of the respective analysts."

Honest as daylight, Dr. Ehrenwald offers his own experience as testimony. Not brought up as "a dogmatic follower of one or other of the schools," he was impressed by Freudians, Adlerians, and by Jungians, apparently in that order. He could not help noting that in his Freudian period his patients produced dreams which supported that point of view, and so with the other periods. This unsettling experience, as Dr. Ehrenwald points out, is not likely to come to the orthodox (and single-tracked) practitioner; he is saved "by his whole outlook and his special course of training." Orthodox adherents of various religions are saved from doubt, one might say, in the same way.

Dr. Ehrenwald is even a little afraid of his discovery. For psychoanalysis is based on rationalism, and "the intrusion of a telepathic factor . . . substantially alters this position." It may "cast doubt on the unconditionally rationalistic nature of the whole system of psychoanalysis." Seeing the floods of scepticism about to rush through the hole that he has poked in orthodoxy, Dr. Ehrenwald throws up quick barriers. Biographies, he says, poetry, fiction, art, these have been analyzed and become "cornerstones in the structure of psychoanalysis." Here, he says, there can be no question of telepathic leakage. It might seem to the layman that even here preconceptions could color interpretation. In fact, Dr. Ehrenwald's own brief mention of Swedenborg is to the point. He will have it that Swedenborg was a "case of paraphrenia," yet he also says that there is a weakness in the psychiatric approach to cases of this kind. In support of this contention, he quotes from the autobiography of the well known, sensitive Mrs. Eileen Garrett to show that the subject may actually *have* verifiable telepathic or psychic experiences. But he fails to extend the same latitude to Swedenborg for whose "supernormal" faculties there is plenty of contemporary evidence, which has escaped Dr. Ehrenwald. The psychoanalysis of people long dead is a hazardous affair.

No one can be master in every field. Dr. Ehrenwald sometimes generalizes too freely on aspects of modern psychical research, but the service he has done in his own field by writing this book is inestimable. Armed with his awareness of telepathy, he even turns a new searchlight on insanity. Paranoia may sometimes have its origin or at least its nourishment in "unconscious aggressive tendencies" be-

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ing telepathically transmitted to the weak mind by another person. A paranoic trend may contain "a grain of truth."

That precious grain of truth—how heartening to watch a man of Dr. Ehrenwald's stubborn honesty in pursuit of it.

In René Warcollier's book, "Mind to Mind," telepathy is also accepted as a fact, with a bow to the cornerstone work of such great pioneers as Dr. J. B. Rhine, and a mention that higher institutions of learning are now beginning to recognize their work. Warcollier's own lifetime of experimenting in this field was recognized by the Sorbonne, which asked him to deliver the lecture that forms the substance of this book.

Warcollier is a French chemical engineer who discovered telepathic ability in himself and set about the scientific study of it. He is chiefly concerned with how it functions. His experiments, here amply illustrated, were with the telepathic transmission of drawings. He soon observed that such a drawing was not transmitted like a wireless photograph. It might arrive in the percipient's mind broken up into component elements, and "some of these elements are received and are recombined into a new molecular structure." One picture shows an eye enclosed in a triangle. It was received as a triangle with little circles, like the circles in the pupil of the eye, outside the triangle, and a wandering eyelash.

Why the distortion? Why other distortions in other pictures? Warcollier does not attempt to give final answers, but both he and his extremely able American editor, Dr. Emanuel K. Schwartz, psychiatrist, suggest that there is much in the functioning of telepathy which recalls the various tricks of the subconscious. Symbolism plays a large part, for instance. And, in Warcollier's experience, "Unconscious thought is most effectively transmitted."

A long, subtle, orientating introduction to the work of Warcollier is provided by Professor Gardner Murphy. Dr. Schwartz is always ready to suggest explanations in terms of modern psychology, though he does not grapple with the momentous implications of telepathy as Dr. Ehrenwald has.

Neither book is easy reading for the layman. The subject is vast, dark, and confused. Modern psychology uses a vocabulary which does not lend itself to the grace, humor, and clarity of a William James. But both books are valuable.

Last month, Signe Toksvig, a native of Denmark, published "Emanuel Swedenborg, Scientist and Mystic." In private life, she is Mrs. Francis Hackett.

Soft Hearts and Hard Heads

MEDICINE TODAY. March of Medicine. 1946. *New York: Columbia University Press.* 1947. 177 *pp.* $2.

AMERICAN MEDICAL RESEARCH. By Richard H. Shryrock. New York: The Commonwealth Fund. 1947. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED E. COHN

IS THERE another profession which so painstakingly examines itself, accuses itself, defends itself, expresses its hopes, proposes reforms, plans its education, deplores its standards, extols its achievements, worries about its service, as does the profession of medicine? Is there another profession so concerned to be understood by the public or about which the public takes such partisan views? These questions, I affirm, are all just. The answers carry over a wide range. The two books under review fall athwart the general scene which seeks for clarification.

This society is potentially always sick, mentally and physically. It must get itself born, it must live, it must die, it needs help. At some time, no man or woman escapes suffering. Compassion demands succor. But compassion is not enough. Somehow physical relief has got itself tied, necessarily, to the onward march of knowledge. We call that science. Science is hard-headed. The hard head and the soft heart have nowadays somehow to worry along together. They are not always comfortable bedfellows. That is why the questions I have asked arise.

These two books describe, one, how to exercise the soft heart, and the other, what has been done to cultivate the hard head. Many physicians survive who believe in the ancient inherited tradition that a man can manage both. That has become ever more difficult now that each demands all a man's time. The effort to take care of the two is a cause of much grief. As if that were not enough, physicians must make a living. A new trouble has arisen. Each one insists on making his in his own way. That brings him and his profession into the labyrinth of the "dismal" science.

"Medicine Today" is a collection of Lectures to the Laity given during the year 1946 at the New York Academy of Medicine. A layman, even a physician, who has mastered the contents of this book would possess much information, necessary toward understanding the contemporary medical scene. Professor Fulton (Yale University) described elements in the background of the education of physicians and the question of public responsibility for providing care for the health of the public. Dr. Rappleye (Columbia University) spoke of the number and variety, forms and safeguards of education of oncoming physicians. Dr. MacLean (Rochester, New York) analyzed the number of patients who seek care in hospitals and the cost of that care. In speaking of the need to try out the kinds and functions of hospitals, he did a useful service. Far too little heed has been devoted to changes in service which have become necessary because of changes in the variety of diseases from which we suffer, the number of persons ill, their ages, their ability to pay the costs of medical care, and the increasing cost of that burden. Dr. Donald M. Clark (Peterborough, New Hampshire), clearly a sensitive and thoughtful physician, has drawn important inferences from the experiences of his practice—what a general practitioner should know and how he makes use of consultants, men more expert than himself. This topic is not often described with the grace and insight he possesses. A good physician leads laborious days. This, and Dr. Rappleye's lecture, when read together suggest the concrete and intricate problems the dean of a medical school is called upon to face, and more important still, to solve.

Professor Edwin J. Cohn (Harvard University) brought together an important amount of evidence on the interdependence of the natural sciences and how "medicine" leans on, and is nourished by, them; and how often far-reaching consequences flow for understanding and treating diseases from disinterested investigations in physics, chemistry, and biology, designed without reference to practical application. He illustrated his lecture by charts which make lucid the interconnections of seemingly unrelated discoveries. Edward S. Rogers (New York State Department of Health) reminded his audience that they themselves, as the recipients of medical services of all kinds, had an important part to play through exerting pressure on philanthropy, private and public, and on government. Indeed, this is a subject which deserves very full treatment and about which citizens know very little. Finally, Dr. Dean A. Clark (United States Health Service, Washington, D. C., and now Health Insurance Plan) discussed the relation of "Economics and Medicine" about which more and more will be heard. Somehow good medical care will be necessary for patients whose incomes are small. Good care (group practice) can be paid for "by taxes by industry, by fees-for-service, or by

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prepaid insurance, or by a combination of these." The well-to-do having greater resources can, no doubt, find means to pay for what they wish. There should be no mistake: good practice costs more, the more the knowledge that has been accumulated is applied. Of course, more "tests" can be, and no doubt are, applied which need not be. There results a point, not too fine, of ethics. At the same time physicians averaged (half of them in 1929) less than $4,000 a year. It is not a large income when education and annuities in old age are to be provided.

This series of Lectures to the Laity clearly raises many thorny problems which citizens, students, physicians, the public, and hospitals must face.

With Professor Shryock's book "American Medical Research — Past and Present" I should be better content, had his treatment of definitions been more ruthless. "Research" and "medicine" should be, more than they are, "fighting words." Amiability, piety, optimism, are not appropriate characteristics of a function which needs to be exploited with unremitting seriousness. Research means something that is not vague. Research is activity which moves knowledge from here to there. "Here" and "there are the important words. "Here" is the result of what has gone before—experience. "There" is an objective—changing, not a fixed "final cause." Between the two stands "fragestellung"—the question an experienced investigator asks. Inexperienced persons may ask the right questions, but usually being apprentices they are preoccupied with learning how we came to be "here." How to move to "there" they discover—during apprenticeship.

Research in the United States is relatively new, though Benjamin Franklin pursued it. Making experiments is a beguiling and misleading activity. To make them has been thought a superior occupation even though Claude Bernard put them in their proper place by designating them "observations provoqueés." Much sin and waste of time are committed in their name. Experiment is often vigorously pursued when "observation," reflective and painstaking, is abandoned. Only a little thought puts observation, classification, deduction - induction - deduction (this means proper experimenting) in their proper places. Science and experiment are not equivalent nor mutually inclusive.

How science is made and the problems which arise for solution are, however, not the principal preoccupation of Professor Shryock. He examines not the problems themselves, but the means of solving them which this society presents. This may be called the ecology of scientific discovery or research. Professor Shryock has amassed an impressive amount of information. He begins with the period between 1750 and 1820, when the influences of Great Britain and France were dominant upon a people absorbed in conquering a livelihood and intellectually still colonial. Later (1860 to 1895) science, whether medical or other, received meager support from philanthropists or from government. The performance and the reputation, especially of medical science and physicians, were at a low ebb. The bright spot was James Smithson's bequest, in 1848, of the Smithsonian Institution. Smithson was English. After the Civil War the economic situation of the country began greatly to improve and the national income to expand. There was enough money then so that some could be given away. Agriculture received subsidies from the Federal Government, though, as yet "no Federal research agency was established." In 1893 Miss Garrett made her gift to the Johns Hopkins University Medical School. In 1897 the Reverend Frederick T. Gates persuaded Mr. John D. Rockefeller and the small group of his advisers to provide (1901) $20,000 for research.

The expansion from then until now has been impressive. Government aid came to the support of the philanthropists. Government through its maintenance of laboratories in support of research in atomic physics through the MacMahon-Douglas Bill has accepted responsibility for the conduct of investigation on the forefront of the delicate administration of scientific research—in the interest of national security. We have come a long way. As a nation all doors to advance in the physical and biological sciences are now open. Having come so far the respective parts government should play, and private enterprise, whether in university, industry, or in private institutes, are receiving vigorous scrutiny and debate. The chief issues are first, what is the best kind of education for a scientist and where can his thinking flourish to best advantage. Second, how is the increased cost of making science to be met and how are the dwindling gifts to universities and institutes for the support of science to be supplemented; and third, what is the relative significance of disinterested investigation to practical research.

Alfred E. Cohn, distinguished New York physician, is author of "Medicine, Science, and Art," "Minerva's Progress," as well as some 180 medical investigations.

"I'll be right home, Ma."

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Music. *Far above the usual level of the many recent books on the "woman question" is Sophie Drinker's thoughtful "Music and Women." Mrs. Drinker is the wife of the Philadelphia lawyer and amateur musician Henry Drinker, whose books on music and choral editions are well known. The Drinker family is steeped in music, and Mrs. Drinker's book shows what may be accomplished in a specialized field by an intelligent and sensitive amateur. . . . The musical renaissance in the United States during the last quarter century has been marked by new, energetic young composers, a rapid growth in scholarship, and increasing amateur participation in music, especially in choruses. Bukofzer's "Music in the Baroque Era" represents the new scholarship at work in a period whose music is more and more being sung in amateur choral groups.*

Melody from the Distaff

MUSIC AND WOMEN: The Story of Women in their Relation to Music. By Sophie Drinker. New York: Coward-McCann. 1948. 323 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

NOT SINCE Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor" has a more important, more stimulating book been written about women. Steadfastly hewing to her theme of music and women, never once mentioning a male musician, Mrs. Drinker takes her reader through the history of half the human race from the day women first began to croon to their young or wail over their dead, to sing as they spun, and to chant battle hymns or welcome their men home from the wars. Music, she says, began as incantation. Woman was the preferred person to make incantations because she was the bringer of new life. As mother, she had authority over life and death as musician, priestess, and medicine maker. The first dirges, made to direct the dead across the beyond (dirge comes from the Latin *dirigere,* to direct), were developed out of the wail of childbirth. One of the memorable passages in her book is in the chapter "Bringers of Life" where Mrs. Drinker paraphrases Christ's admonition, "Except as a man be born again" in the following words: "By a process of symbolic thinking, simple, profound, almost inevitable, music that has definite association with childbirth becomes the music of death. . . . And beyond this death, there may be birth if she who gives birth will sing in the face of death the song she made out of the struggle of birth."

Again and again Mrs. Drinker asks devastating questions. In "Victims of Taboo" she pleads:

> What has happened to the woman of our civilization? Why are we not matching in creative output the simple women of cultures much less developed? Everywhere, outside the highly civilized centers of Western culture, there are women whose participation in music is active and creative. Women's contributions in the form of love songs, lullabies, dirges, ballads, and epics are among the musical treasures of an art that itself has recognition in the annals of human achievement. Are we less women than those singers and musicians? We love, work, play, bear children, seek reassurance in a sense of oneness with the life force. We inherit a magnificent art of music. Why, then, do not women as composers make on the level of our highly developed culture symphonies, requiems, songs, dances equivalent to those that are created by women in other cultures? Why are we so inhibited?

In the 323 pages through which Mrs. Drinker makes her way, she has packed one of the most devastating challenges to our culture, our religion, our social justice, our psychological perspicacity that has come from an American woman. There she sits and rethinks and rewrites our cherished notions of civilization. For 5,000 years before Christ, the woman's bond with the life force was fully recognized and valued, till, in Sappho, we had "the last perfect flowering of thousands of years of woman's song." Up to that time, woman "did not take their religion from men, or leave it to men to make their music."

Then came the "Twilight of the Goddess" and there fell upon civilization "a kind of creeping blight," "a kind of feminine spiritual starvation." Mrs. Drinker pulls no punches as she challenges the artistic status of man. "Men's unbridled energy wounded woman to the quick. For the mother-musician, singing naturally in rituals of her own making, out of the fulness of her own vital experience," they substituted "young boys, castrated males, and the courtesan." Dressed in women's skirts, men took over women's rituals, choruses, music, and dancing. They substituted a "refined homosexuality" for womanhood, with "all its decadence and utter ridiculousness" until it displayed itself even "in some of Plato's greatest passages on love and life."

Then came Christianity. In the beginning, the benign influence of Jesus, who numbered among his first and most potent followers many women, prevailed. For 400 years, says Mrs. Drinker, women shared in the joys and sorrows of the new religion. The chapter on "Mary" is particularly moving. But then, bit by bit, the churchmen pressed women further and further from the altar. Even the nuns were relegated to the rear. They were "forbidden to act in the liturgical plays." From here on, in chapter after chapter, Mrs. Drinker examines the status of woman and music through "The Lady," "The Prima Donna," "The Camillae," "St. Cecilia," —a succession of disheartening, yet illuminating revelations. Her analysis is destructive, but it is not negative.

> The woman musician of today [says Mrs. Drinker] is at the crossroads. Her relation to music depends upon her relation to the society in which she lives and to the religious expression of that society. This relation transcends any specific barriers. And since all civilization is now in the throes of rebirth, woman's place in the musical life of the new world is dependent upon what new religious ideas will

Symphony

By Mae Winkler Goodman

THE musicians are there,
the instruments, the stage:
cello and harp, oboe, and violin
cupping the sound, unborn.
The drums, the flute,
the glittering French horn
holding the pent-up melody within;
even the ether waits
the burden of song.
Then suddenly
the golden chord is struck,
the music comes alive,
yet parent-less:
not the clarinet,
not even the musicians give it birth;
it grows alone,
it swells apart from earth
even
apart from heaven.
Then slowly, it recedes
down the long halls of air,
and again the bland instruments,
the stage, the musicians
reappear.

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be formulated, what new customs will be made.

This will be a furiously debated book. Women will dispute it. The church will react violently to it. The impresario will fume at it. Men may laugh at it. But no one will ignore it. It is one of the most iconoclastic books of our time. After twenty years of meditation and research, this dignified housewife, mother, and grandmother, arrives, all by herself, at revolutionary conclusions. She tears to shreds some of our most widely accepted traditions. Neither philosopher nor impresario comes out unscathed. There is not a rehashed idea in the book. Every idea is her very own. If you ever thought of music as a sentimental art, a purposeless diversion, or as mere radio drooling, you will be shocked out of your absurd notions into realization that music is the most functional activity of man or woman. If this book doesn't start a hurricane of debate, I miss my bet.

From Monteverdi to Bach

MUSIC IN THE BAROQUE ERA. By Manfred F. Bukofzer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1947. 489 pp. $6.

Reviewed by RAYMOND KENDALL

THIS is a carefully written and significant musical publication, the first definitive work in English devoted to this period. Despite the author's modest disclaimer that he is not a specialist on the baroque in music, one suspects that he will be considered so from now on.

Dr. Bukofzer, who is professor of music at the University of California at Berkeley, addresses himself at once to his task, which is to define and to examine baroque style in music. The definition appears in four different chapters: the first, "Renaissance vs. Baroque Music," and in the last three, "Form in Baroque Music," "Musical Thought of the Baroque Era," and "Sociology of Baroque Music." In these chapters the author integrates his study with the general history of ideas. His conclusions are objective and, in the last chapter, tell the tale familiar to the general historian of the price in blood and gold by which "progress" in the arts is sometimes bought. The intervening eight chapters are devoted to an examination of works by composers from Monteverdi to Bach, selected to illustrate differences in baroque style. Of the composers discussed, only Bach and Handel are presented in clear profile as musical personalities, but absence of biographical data on earlier composers does not detract from—rather it has the effect of enhancing—the relation of their output to early, middle, and late baroque style.

One must allow an author any number of analogies, generalizations, and comparisons provided they do not go more than a little beyond the evidence he presents. For, in creating such a "frame of reference," the author provides us with a skeleton which he subsequently clothes with flesh and blood. Such a useful and legitimate structure is the table on page sixteen:

Renaissance
One practice, one style . . .
All voices equally balanced . . .
Modal counterpoint, etc.

Baroque
Two practices, three styles . . .
Polarity of the outermost voices . . .
Tonal counterpoint, etc.

Professor Bukofzer recognizes the peril of stylistic symbolism, as for example when he refers to the idea of *a-capella* singing, "It is not surprising that the *a-capella* ideal, once discovered, should have been attached in retrospect to Renaissance music." This interpretation has persisted, but whenever we refer to the Renaissance as the "*a-capella* period" we unwittingly apply a baroque term with questionable implications.

Dr. Bukofzer refuses categorically to discuss the esthetic problem of beauty. In his preface he boldy asserts that an historical and "technologized" analysis must take beauty for granted, and continues:

> The ideas that underlie musical styles can only be shown in a factual stylistic analysis that takes music apart as a mechanic does a motor, and shows how musical elements are combined, how they achieve their special effect, and what constistutes the difference between externally similar factors.

Here is a philosophy of style criticism with integrity!

The musical examples are numerous and well-chosen; many are fairly extensive, and nearly all clarify what they are intended to illustrate. Bukofzer's style analysis leads to numerous observations on performance practices and warns continually against the danger of applying the characteristics of late baroque style to the whole baroque period.

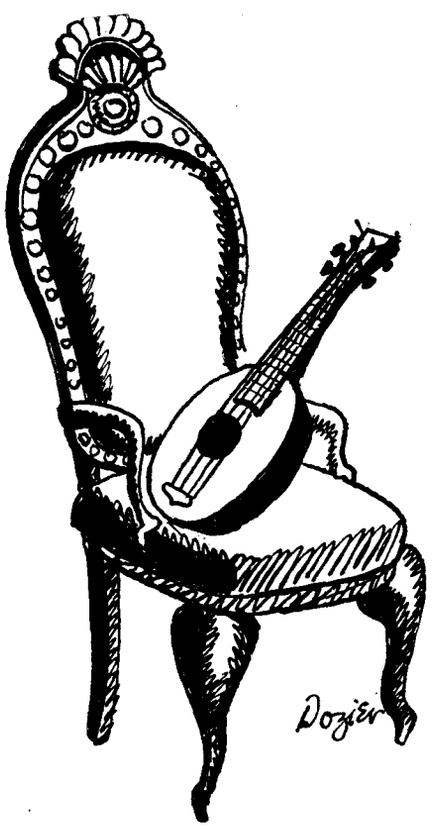
"French Music Under the Absolutism" (Chapter V) and "English Music During the Commonwealth and Restoration" (Chapter VI) receive the attention too often denied them, but, perhaps for reasons of limited space, the author does not lay a sufficient foundation for the "fusion" and "coordination" of national styles in Bach and Handel which occupy chapters eight and nine. Nowhere is Dr. Bukofzer's insight more evident than in his chapter on form in baroque music:

> The essentials of musical structure were carried by style and texture so that the form could be transferred from one medium to another . . . procedures like variation, fugue, and canon . . . could be realized both in the vocal and instrumental medium.

The value of this first book in English on the music of the baroque era is evident in the appendices. They include a "Checklist of Baroque Books on Music" and a working bibliography. A "List of Editions" has a practical list of smaller collections and performing editions, which should encourage some readers to explore the music through performance.

This reviewer wishes that the author had included a list of recordings of baroque music, with critical notes on performance style. Perhaps he has hesitated for fear his honesty, however disarming, might cause the withdrawal of the few baroque works now on single records and in collections such as "L'Anthologie Sonore."

"Music in the Baroque Era" is a significant milestone in the long process by which American musical scholarship is coming of age.



Raymond Kendall is professor of music at the University of Michigan.

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Seeing Things

THE OLD LOOK

HE KNEW it was not one of the best of his plays. He tired of it almost as soon as he had written it. "Could anyone read it now?" wrote he in disgust. "It maddens me. I'll have my revenge in the preface by offering it as a frightful example of trying to write for the *théâtre de nos jours.*" Thus Shaw, as the mere word *preface* must have betrayed; Shaw on the subject of "You Never Can Tell"*; and Shaw on the subject of that comedy as far back as 1897, in other words within a year of its completion.

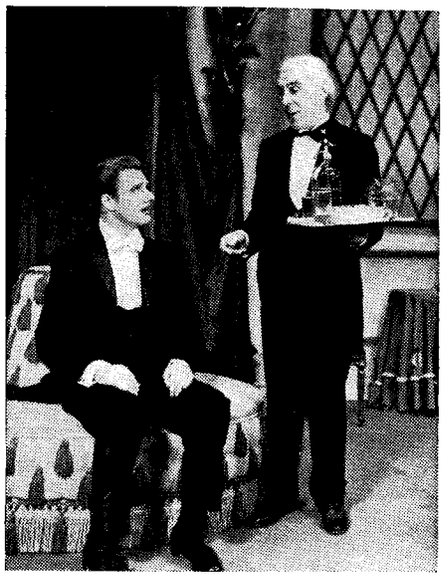
That he overstated the case, with the genius for overstatement which is his, few people would suspect from the Theatre Guild's revival. This revival is a strangely unsatisfactory and pedestrian affair. It lacks confidence, style, and distinction. Although it tries hard to be bright, it succeeds mainly in being dull. That it could shine; that the stuffs are in the text which should sparkle is clear enough. But somehow the light neither reaches them nor they the light. The revival has no sheen. It is as dull as unpolished mahogany; dull as a dusty mirror. It is dull in most of its acting; above all, in its director's desperate attempts to be gay.

How can one explain dulness in a play, a book, a person, a landscape, or a dish, without having recourse to negatives? Dulness is not often intentional. Usually it is the result of an interest which was meant to be there but is not. It is as simple as that. The Theatre Guild's production is paved with good intentions. The pity is that, for the most part, these come through as no more than intentions. The revival is arch where it should be buoyant, strained where it could be relaxed, and heavy where it needs to be light. Indeed, if one excepts, as except one must, the delightful performances of Leo G. Carroll as the old waiter, of Tom Helmore as the dentist, and of William Devlin as the waiter's fearsome son, the production at the Martin Beck is of so wooden a kind that it would have turned the living Tecumseh into a cigar store Indian.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Peter Ashmore. Settings and Costumes by Stewart Chaney. Presented by the Theatre Guild in association with Alfred Fischer. With a cast including Leo G. Carroll, Tom Helmore, Ralph Forbes, Frieda Inescort, Faith Brook, Patricia Kirkland, Walter Hudd, William Devlin, Nigel Stock, etc. At the Martin Beck.

This is regrettable because, inferior Shaw as "You Never Can Tell" may be, it can still claim its virtues. A third-rate play by G.B.S. has more to offer than the best plays by most dramatists. No matter how far-fetched his foolishness, no matter how dated his technique or outmoded his iconoclasm, the dynamo of Shaw's mind can usually be heard. Its whirring is one of the most stimulating sounds this noisy world knows. His unpredictability, his uncommon common sense, his sharp awareness of human frailty, his unromantic idealism, his incredible command of the language; and his audacities of heart and spirit—all these make themselves felt, too. His garrulity, his perversity, the absurdity of some of his plots, his surrender to sheer nonsense at moments of high seriousness, the thinker who gets lost in the farceur—none of these can obscure the giant size of his endowments. And these endowments are apparent even in such a lesser Shavian work as "You Never Can Tell," and in spite of its present revival.

When Shaw pretended to be exasperated with the "tricks and laughs and popularities" of "You Never Can Tell," perhaps it was his conscience which was hurting him. As a resolute Puritan, he was well aware that in its writing he had made deliberate compromises with the enemy. He, the champion of the New Theatre, the defender of Ibsen, the foe of Irving, had taken pains to write a play acceptable to West End managers. He had also stooped to gratify the tastes of audiences for "fashionable dresses, for a pretty scene or two, a little music, and even for a great ordering of drinks by people with an expensive air from an if-possible-comic waiter."



—*Vandamm.*

The production "would have turned the living Tecumseh into a cigar store Indian."

He was willing, he contended, to "show that the drama can humanize these things as easily as they, in undramatic hands, can dehumanize the drama." But the test of rehearsal proved to Shaw that, in making his play "acceptable," he had made it, for the moment at least, "impracticable." Apparently the first players Shaw endeavored to direct in "You Never Can Tell" were as much at sea with the text, compromises and all, as are most of the actors in the Guild's revival.

AN older person who had seen the Guild's production insisted that only people over sixty should be allowed to go to "You Never Can Tell." She knew that as a script it could not claim the dimension of "Man and Superman," and that as a performance it lacked the bounce and certainty of Maurice Evans's production. She was shrewd enough to realize that its Gloria and Valentine are no more than first sketches of Ann Whitefield and John Tanner. She was well aware, too, that younger people, who had not grown up when the New Woman was new and who had come to know Shaw only when his victories had been won, would in these post-Kinsey days find it hard to believe that the play had once had bold, unconventional things to say on the subject of sex, parents, marriage, and love. But she had enjoyed "You Never Can Tell"; enjoyed it very much; in fact, enjoyed it because it brought back her youth.

Much as the farce pleased her, it filled her with fears. She was confident, for example, that younger playgoers would find in Dolly and Philip only two of the most obnoxious brats ever dreamed of instead of a healthy symbol of revolt from Victorianism and a forerunner of that long outdated horror, the flapper. She was afraid that, in this age of Attlee and Britain's Labor Government, junior spectators would miss the pathos of the old waiter's obsequious devotion to his class and deem him only absurd. Shaw, her delight, was also her worry. Her aim in limiting the audience to those sixty or over was to protect him. She could not bear the thought of having a mind so innovational dismissed as old-fash-

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Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
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CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY
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A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves. incl. Sun. 8:30
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MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
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ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT" —WINCHELL PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT • PAUL McGRATH
FULTON · W 46 ST. EVES. incl. SUN. 8:40 · NO MON. PERF.
MATS. SAT. & SUN.

ioned by those whose liberation it had helped make possible.

One of the most venerable of venerable contentions in the theatre is that nothing is so dead as last year's play, unless it is a review written about it. Plays age with incredible rapidity. They have a way of seeming older on the stage than they do when read. The lamplight of the study can be deceptively kind. The footlights are merciless in their exposure of the crow's-feet, the thinning hair, the jowls or shrunken cheeks of scripts which in book form do not betray their years.

Ibsen's realistic plays are cases in point. They read younger than they act—far younger. This is not because, as in the instance of "Ghosts," penicillin has dated it. The flamethrower and the bazooka have not made the duels in "Hamlet" or "Cyrano" absurd. They have merely placed those plays in time; given them a period frame which everyone not only recognizes but accepts.

What has dated Ibsen far more than his ideas is his way of stating them; in other words, his technique. He was the supremest contriver of the *pièce bien faite;* the mastermaker of that special form of jigsaw puzzle represented by the well-made play. He gave human depth and psychological insight to what in the hands of previous craftsmen had mainly been theatrical maneuvering. If he was far ahead of his period in his ideas, he so perfected the period technique of his time that for years afterwards dramatists endeavored to work from pale copies of his blueprints. Those blueprints, so far as playwriting is concerned, were as firmly rooted in their times as Georgian and Victorian architecture were the expression of theirs.

Shaw, like the Ibsen of "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and the poetic dramas, has been possessed of a spirit too large and free-ranging to be corseted by any such technical concerns as foreshadowing, concealed exposition, obligatory scenes, or carry-over curtain lines. His best plays (such as "Heartbreak House," "Saint Joan," "Caesar and Cleopatra," and "Androcles and the Lion") have, like Ibsen's mightiest works, released rather than confined what was torrential in his energies. Their form has been loose, not tight; free rather than cabined. They have been written from a natural instinct for what is ageless in the theatre, instead of from any deliberate submission to the models of a particular day.

There are fashions in playwriting as surely as there are in architecture, painting, and dress. Nothing is so transitory as the modish. It is on the

"A SMASH HIT." —Life Mag.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
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Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
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Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
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HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
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ROBERT KEITH · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
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The LAUGH HIT
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JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS
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MICHAEL REDGRAVE • FLORA ROBSON
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By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Directed by NORRIS HOUGHTON
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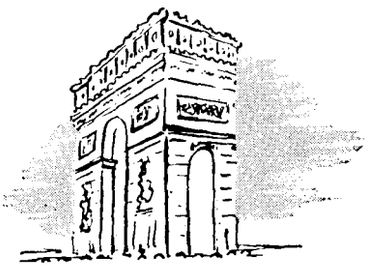

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way out at the very moment that it comes in. That is the penalty it pays for timeliness. In the rat race of female vanity today's "New Look" is bound to be tomorrow's old look. Most women, turning over the pages of their own photograph albums, cannot believe that they were ever willing to wear the clothes they were proudest of ten or twenty years back.

The well-made play was, so to speak, the drama's hobble skirt. Nowadays it seems as absurd as a hobble skirt would. It is the confinements of its pattern which got in the way of Shaw when he wrote "You Never Can Tell," even as they get in the way of contemporary playgoers when they sit before it. By his own admission, "You Never Can Tell" found Shaw stooping to conquer. Fortunately Shaw was never meant to be a stooper. All of us are the better off because he has led rather than followed us. Leading is his life work.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

ever happen to *them*. And the holocaust of the book's final scene might lead the reader to suppose indeed that nothing ever does, in any sense of the word.

Considering the nature of the issues involved, it might seem permissible to do a lot of intellectualistic hedging in a book like this, and in view of Mr. Kaufman's obvious gifts it may appear surprising that he chooses to do without such tools. But with a sophistication born of simplicity he manages to suggest, in the childish metaphor, the logical consequences of questions which have engaged the subtlest of religious thinkers from St. Paul to Pascal. Is faith, for example, "an inflow of outside energies," or is it an instrumentality by means of which we ourselves can affect, in a real sense, the outcome? About one-sixth of the world's population seems to be asserting, against its will, the truth of the latter proposition. Mr. Kaufman, with telling irony, would have us know that the problem, thus stated, is by no means a sufficient account of morality.

Hassidic Voyage

IN THE HEART OF THE SEAS. By S. Y. Agnon, New York: Schocken Books. 1948. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

AGNON'S tale of the hegira of a group of Jews of Palestine seems peculiarly timeless, even spaceless, despite the internal evidence which places it somewhere in nineteenth-century Poland. It seems so because the long voyage is traced with landmarks that are metaphysical rather than physical; the geography traversed is that of the spirit rather than of the earth. These pilgrims are of that group known as Hassidim—religious mystics to whom miracles and direct words from God are the bread and butter of existence. Their talk is naturally pitched upon a level of unearthly scholasticism: quotations, commentary, and sub-commentary upon the Torah and the Gemara, legends and anecdotes to illustrate every hap or mishap, every tumbled pebble in their way. And yet their speech is withal salty and wet with folk spittle. When they are joined by Hananiah, a certain mysterious voyager who is plainly more than common man, they ask him: where were you? Where was I? (he answers) And where was I not? Such is the familiar intoned music of Jewish speech. There are two musics here, reminding us

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ON THE GREAT STAGE

"SPRING RHYTHM"—Gay, lavish spectacle produced by Russell Markert, settings by Bruno Maine and James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club. Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Alexander Smallens.

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of that portion of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" which describes dialogue of two Jews: one sonorous and stately in heavy, portentous brass, the other shrill, complaining, ingratiating, in an erratic piccolo. Such are the dialogues in Agnon's tale, the music almost more than the words. It is a little book of tone and mood, the spirit rising up between the lines.

The book was translated from the Hebrew by I. M. Lask, who seems to me to have performed a very sensitive little miracle of his own; and there are ten line drawings by an American artist, T. Herzl Rome, that are as infused with the text as though Agnon had drawn them himself. I can think of no other way to express their quality. The format of the book, one of Schocken's new library of Jewish literature, is wholly pleasing, in size, type, and binding.

"For Adults Only"

EVERYBODY SLEPT HERE. By Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, Inc. 1948. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

TO GET right down to it, Elliott Arnold has written a vulgar book, an admission which will probably triple the sales his novel deserves. The jacket, for which the author cannot be blamed (although he surely approved it) is in the too-current publishing tradition, only a little more so. It looks like a poster for one of those "D" movies for which astute theatre managers assure an attendance by advertising "for adults only," thus attracting children of all ages. Mr. Arnold's title might be considered an innocent play on words, but I doubt it because from his opening paragraph on he deals with the more sordid aspects of the sexual and drinking habits of as dull a group of crackpots, tinhorns, phoneys, and fools as could be found in Washington, D. C., during the last or any other war.

There is Kitty Williams, a voluptuous young lady who married a doltish first lieutenant; fortunately for her, he is shipped overseas, and after his departure, Kitty continues to be heavy-drinking, rattle-brained, and enormously hospitable; she has, of course, a heart of gold or, if you prefer, as big as the world. Mrs. Amy Dwight is the secretive, vicious landlady who closes her eyes to the activities of Kitty and most of the other tenants of the Washington apartment house—so long as they furnish her with enough gifts and bribes. Need I add that Mrs. Dwight reads pornographic literature (secretly—shh!). Willy and Louise Temple have one of the smaller apartments; Willy is a dim-witted colonel from California whose job is to keep Congressmen happy; Louise is a kindly, middle-aged alcoholic. But she reforms. What did you expect? Sally Lawrence, whose husband is usually out of town, is another occupant of the house Mrs. Dwight manages, as is her close friend, Colonel Hank O'Malley, an extremely attractive and amorous middle-aged bachelor.

Other characters (to use the kindest possible word in describing them) are Philip and Caroline MacGregor, a pathetic young couple who fall out of love when their daughter is killed. (N.B. This comes out all right in the end, so don't worry). And then there are Lieutenant Colonel John Brent, whose heart is so pure, instincts so admirable, deeds so courageous, that he is apparently just on loan from King Arthur's fraternity; his wife Nancy, also wonderfully virtuous, does waver once in a while, but

Kafka's Diaries are the living record of a man
a record remarkable for its unsparing honesty
its introspective violence

The Diaries are the proving ground
of the writer's imagination
They are an anguished dialogue
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she sees the bright and shining light (klieg). Corporal Joseph Harris is as nice a fellow as you'd want to meet anywhere, but (and there will be a little soft music here) he falls in love with Kitty, see. Think that's bad? Nonsense. He lost a leg in the war, and she restores his faith in himself. (I think those are the author's words; or maybe I've improved on the author's words). And then she dies; Kitty does, tragically, heroically, etc. (Stop that laughing in the back row there.)

I don't want to tell you how all this comes out because I doubt very much if you care. I do want to warn you. Anybody expecting to get a picture of life in the nation's capital during the war years will be, putting it mildly, disappointed in "Everybody Slept Here." Mr. Arnold's book probably will have a large rental library appeal, especialy among those who can't necessarily read but do recognize an alluring jacket when they see one. If they can stumble through a few one-syllable words, they'll probably be happy enough.

Marriage Idyl

MATHILDE. By Leonhard Frank. Translated by Willard R. Trask. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

MANY a reader laying aside another of the numerous novels about marital conflicts may have asked himself the question why marital happiness has so rarely been dealt with in modern fiction. The truth of the matter is that happiness is far less eloquent than misery, and that to make happy people as eloquent as they must be in a novel, without at the same time making them sound banal, is a task beyond the reach of most authors.

It would be too much to contend that Mr. Frank—known in this country chiefly for his fine novel "Carl and Anna"—has succeeded fully in discharging that difficult task. But for very long stretches, the sensitive, likable Swiss girl who is the protagonist of his present book will hold the reader's attention, and she will win his sympathy for good.

"Mathilde's entire biography," the author says in a summing-up passage, "is that she had made a wrong marriage and then had married the man to whom she belonged." That man, a no - longer - quite - so - young Britisher by the name of Weston, is about as faultless a suitor, husband, and provider as any girl can wish for —even if she hasn't been married first to as boring and penny-pinching a smalltown bully as has Mr. Frank's Mathilde. And to cap her happiness, Weston, while falling in love with her, has also fallen in love with her country, or, rather, with her beloved woods —the real *Märchenwald* of the German fairytale. The detailed account of the leisurely idyl of the newlyweds in that forest—which is populated, as it were, by the figures of the fairy world who have stayed on with the grown-up Mathilde—has great charm, and some occasional hints of coyness do not mar that effect. Even so often told a story as that of a young woman's first childbed gains new, heartwarming accents in Mr. Frank's subtle and selective hands.

Being, basically, a latter-day Romanticist, he has, from the beginning, a hard time fitting his tale into contemporary settings. It starts some time in the early 1920's, and thus inevitably leads into World War II. Weston joins the RAF, leaving his wife and small daughter behind in the security of the Swiss *Wald*. While the scenes depicting Mathilde's agonies of waiting and hoping, together with her child's story, are very moving, the account of Weston's own war experiences and exploits falls regrettably flat. The most solid part of that chronicle is the report on his trek, in the company of some German refugees, through the collapsing France of spring 1940; and that story, I'm sorry to say, has been better written any number of times before. To my mind, Mr. Frank has done a great disservice to his novel by bringing in the war at all. The final reunion of Weston and Mathilde, who are doubly happy now in the clear awareness of their happiness, is beautifully done. But I don't think it saves the day for the book as a whole.

Its translator seems to have done a conscientious job, but he has apparently overlooked the fact that the emotional, slightly poetizing, and "subliming" overtones of romantic German writing do not as a rule fit well with the genius of English.

Universal Symbols

THE FIRST FISH AND OTHER STORIES. By Warren Beck. Yellow Springs, Ohio: The Antioch Press. 1947. 212 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

WARREN BECK'S short stories have seldom appeared in our mass-circulation magazines, but his name is a familiar one to those who make a practice of keeping up with the more distinguished of our "little" magazines and literary quarterlies. A few of the stories have found their way into Martha Foley's annual selections of the "best short stories," but it is the Antioch Press which has put them on widest display. "The First Fish" is the second collection they have issued of Mr. Beck's shorter pieces.

Most of the thirteen stories in the present volume were written during the past half dozen years and reflect the author's concern for those moments in daily living which symbolize the universal. A boy, in "Fire and Branch," catches a brief glimpse of a kind of love that is far deeper than his adolescent infatuation of the moment. A father, teaching his small son to fish, feels himself suddenly caught up in something primitive and age-old, is touched by an apprehension that must have touched men of untold generations before him. Contrasted with the almost mystical feeling in stories like these are others which have a way of illuminating the tensions of the present and the immediate past. "Boundary Line" shows a Midwestern couple reacting suspiciously and self-righteously to the foreign but innocent activities of a next-door German family. The situation has changed, but the state of mind still exists. In "Out of Line" the confusing blind alleys of anti-Semitism are explored, more succinctly than in many booklength attempts.

There is a clear and wise perceptiveness which pervades most of these stories. Each one attempts to say something, to make a statement in dramatic terms and if on occasion there is an artistic lack, it is because the author has his moments when he forsakes character and the building of situation in order for the statement itself to emerge in the round.

But even when Mr. Beck fails—and it is unfair to expect perfection all of the time—his attempts are in themselves rewarding. For he sets himself tasks, sometimes out-and-out experimental ones; he is a sincere and earnest artist who always strives, often most successfully, to express the vital problems of very human people.

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NOTES ON AN ISLAND

(Continued from page 9)

to myself cackling, are old Soup Stock. And they have had to learn, as no American ever did, the lesson of brevity.

The student of civilizations lives by self-denial. In the terrifying baritone of Bill Stern, unconscious energumen of football (feet are the chosen triumph and symbol of the Anglo-Saxon) he gets "out of the huddle very quickly now." His own habituated preferences mean nothing. He has to record, and relish (if England is his curiosity for the moment), sponge-bags and bread-sauce, nannies and nappies, bathtubs too deep and whiskies too shallow. But as the ancient immortal saying had it, when the customer complained there was a fly in his whisky; the barman replied, "That's all roight, sir; 'e won't drown; 'is feet are on the bottom." So are John Bull's, and J. B. Priestley's. I'd nominate Priestley as a thumping good Prime Minister—he has somewhat the same qualities as Churchill—except for his brave, blooming compulsion to grind his teeth in public. At the very moment when every well-meaning American was trying to help the slow-cossetted movement to kick in, Old Candid Jack informed us that all Americans are hysterical sheep; and New York the crass crabmeat of the world. A man from Yorkshire should look less suddenly on New York.

I AM trying to say, a visitor (any visitor, anywhere) has to look for the simplest and humblest emblems. In the English crossword puzzles the clues are quite different from our own. You won't find them by traveling in the *Queens*, and going direct to the Dorchester and the Savoy. You're more likely to twig them in London Transport, or what we in New York call (to British amazement) a Comprehensive Omnibus. It is not distance that separates people; it is being too close. The *Queen Mary-Dorchester* type of visitors is only a flying wedge of the U.S.A. bulling their way a few yards between guard and tackle. If I wanted a real social document I'd hire a man like Bill Stern to live in England, muzzled, for a year, and then report to the U.S. about British Sports. Or I'd hire a commuter from Surrey (under gag for conditioning) to compare the train service from Charing Cross or Victoria with that of the Long Island Railroad. I have seen Victoria on a night of hellish fog; at least they give the season-ticket-holders an empty train to sleep in.

* * *

DIFFERENCES being so subtle, what would you regard as clues in the sunningly checquered crossword puzzle of American-English relatives? I had an amusing dream not long ago, in which by some accident of oblique view I saw a burlesk chorus capering above me; as they stripped and teased I could see their eyes from about course 145°. It was curious to see the actual jelly and bulge of the eye, glittered by the footlights and prominent sideways. My dream continued into sheer farce when a Hokinson matron (who was there as an umpire of public morale) was carried away with excitement and began tearing off her own clothes, to everyone's dismay, and curvetting in the aisle and a percentage of slip. I mention that only because if one doesn't record a dream one forgets to analyze it. What I'm getting at is the sidelong jelly of the eye; things seen in dream or chance. Those are partly clues, partly testament.

We are, as Matthew Arnold said, between two worlds: one dead, one powerless to be born. Arnold enjoyed ribbing the Americans, almost as much as Jack Priestley does; but he begat grandchildren who became highly useful and distinguished Americans. So, more than likely, will Mr. Priestley. From the jackstraws (spillikins) of tumbled memory let me hook out a few slivers.

The methodical good sense of the English. See the signs in country towns: *No Waiting on This Side on Odd Days.* Waiting means parking. The idea is, you park on alternate sides of the street on alternate days. Result, no shopkeeper is permanently hurt by constant car-parking in front of his shop.—And the noble simplicity of putting a large red sign on the bonnet of any apprentice driver. L for Learner. That means, give him the benefit of anxiety—a wide berth.

The stark simplicity of British statement. Almost every day I went past the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner; at last—and in great peril, dodging the horrors of cloverleaf traffic—I decided to see what was carved on the base of that dead man. He lies in bronze, covered with coat and helmet. When I last saw him a light pall of snow whitened his rest. He symbolizes 49,076 dead of the Royal Artillery Regiment in 1914-18. And the statement: "Here was a Royal

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Fellowship of Death." It is more than November snow that chills you as you hunt an opening to Knightsbridge among the teeming traffic.

Or would it be Oxford, seen again in snell windy weather—Oxford of the sweet dreaming gasometers—Oxford that, more lucky than any university except Yale, now finds itself only the Latin Quarter of a factory town; like a bishop in Birmingham. So it has something on which to grind its teeth. The traffic on Corn and High is worse than New York's Holland Tunnel. But there, bicycled in pedaled pause, are the flocks of youth—held in leash a moment by some yokel policeman's arm—waiting for signal. The arm descends and they flit off like a flight of starlings, like a wing of airplanes, on their way to lectures by C. S. Lewis or Father D'Arcy. The bells of Oxford have been almost drowned by the lorries. You have to get inside a college quadrangle before you can remember Roger Bacon or Duns Scotus or Matthew Arnold. I went into the front quad at BNC, to try remember how St. Mary's spire looked from there when they had bonfires (I was thinking of the surly and surrogatory Pater) but all I learned was that B.N.C. 3rd VIII had made a number of bumps; it was chalked on an entry. I wish there were space to tell you of New College: of dear old Rose, the housemaid at the Warden's lodgings, to whom I gave a can of Canadian beef-cum-mushrooms and said, "This is my calling card." She fluttered her kindly tickle-eye and said, "It will be very welcome, sir." I saw it, next day, in that last of England's fourteenth-century kitchens, surmounting itself in the oven with a great arch of austerity pastry; what we would call a Warden Pye.

Oxford was always a carfax (carrefour) of traffic. She breathes, from her stricken towers, the latest enchantments of Lord Nuffield. We stayed, of course, in the last of England's frostbitten inns, the blessed old Golden Cross. That was where Shakespeare stayed, en route to and fro The Globe. His sheets, thanks to Mistress Davenant, were I hope warmer than mine. Postponing those gelations I sped down St. Aldate's to hear Great Tom (Magnus Thomas) toll his 101 strokes, at 9.5 p.m. I listened, waited, and no booming bronze. Imperious as any outworn scholar has right to be, I questioned the Porter (proper in his round hard hat). "Yes sir, quite right sir; but we're still on Summer Time. Christ Church goes on Greenwich Time. Thank you sir."

The ghost that Oxford has given up can still be found at Cambridge; the ghost of silence. Cambridge is still mute. In her Cavendish laboratories. or where the organ and choir winnow the cool autumn air alongside the

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND HOTELS

The characters in this week's quiz were noticeably associated with various hotels in fiction. From the brief descriptions given below, can you identify them? Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 40.

1. Learning that he was about to die of heart trouble, this down-trodden bookkeeper took all his available resources and went to a super-duper hotel for a final fling.
2. When an elaborate, ten-foot-high birthday cake was ruined at a costly banquet, this maître d'hôtel was resourceful enough to have another identical one on hand.
3. Unable to get a serving of steak and ale at this super hotel because the waiter insisted that it was not on the menu, this multi-millionaire bought the place—and got his steak and ale.
4. Six other people besides this author had keys to the summer resort hotel to which he retired in mid-winter to write a novel.
5. By untiring work this ex-officer rose from the job of hotel porter to half ownership in a string of British hotels.
6. He was a hired hand at the Yellow Bud Tavern in Canastota, N. Y., before he left to join up with a circus.
7. This hotel man's "dream hotel" was ruined on its opening night when a Senator's son and his girl friend committed suicide in one of the rooms.
8. This shoe-string producer and his cast of actors, unable to pay their hotel bill, were locked in their rooms without a bite to eat until a Russian waiter came to the rescue in exchange for a role in the play.
9. This vaudevillian promoter was stranded with his troupe of chorus girls in the Hotel Monte Gabriele at the outbreak of a war.
10. Because his hotel was on the borderline between Nevada and California, this proprietor was able to use it for several legal shenanigans.

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chapel of King's, or where the tame hedgehog probes the back lawns of John's with his inquest snout, you can still find the space and silence of academe. Nowhere else, I think, in the world? When new modes of international argument are shown, they are likely to be fissioned from Cambridge. Because Cambridge is bedded in silence, and in unspoiled archways where you see a great swath of scarlet creeper, flung like a doctor of science gown across the grey shoulder of a college.

* * *

"EUSTON always does this to me," said a young woman (a daughter) trying to keep her face under control. You don't know Dark and Damp, Delay, Doubt and Despair, until you've seen a Boat or a Leave Train from what they call the Departure Flatform. Worse still there was a posse of the Salvation Army seeing off one of their benevolent brigadiers; he was going out to Save Canada; when his adjutants hymned "God Be With You," etc., it was too terrible. We took it personal. I saw our young woman's face beginning to slip. In our carriage was a young dog emigrating to Canada; he moaned like Manfred. And the Xmas number of the *Illustrated London News,* said W. H. Smith's newsstand, wouldn't be published until tomorrow. I knew that was absurd, because I'd seen it all over town, but thought I wouldn't buy it until getting aboard the train. If you don't read the stories, and no one ever does, the noble color-printing is like prose by Churchill: full of beef and brandy and thrippenny bits.

Yes, a dark day; the first snow had fallen; visibility was low. The great yellow and white gonfalons were already up along the Mall, for the Royal Wedding tomorrow, but in November light they looked more jaundice than gold. Was this the beginning of Another Winter? The Midlands were white with too early snowfall. Mrs. Gaskell, I thought, would have to wear her pattens in Cranford. In the carriage with us was a handsome young R. N. lieutenant, who looked so astoundingly like Prince Philip that I wondered at first had the bridegroom weakened and fled out on his assignment?

Spending most of the long cold journey (as I always do) in the corridor, to study what things look like, I saw that the little spoky wagon-wheels were spinning again. Just in those last few days the Island had got off dead center. Wheels were turning. Chimneys were puffing smoke. Even in the restorong car there was a kind of valedictory nostalgia in turnips and turbot.

It was a long chilly ride. Who but a lover of railways would be moved to think this was one of the latest travels under the great name of the L.M.S. (which I first knew as the immortal L.N.W.R.) before they became National Railways. Even Toynbee, even Sir Stafford Cripps, couldn't have been more intensified to consider, we were among the very last patrons of Private Enterprise. Myself I care little about ownership; I don't much care who hatches the eggs if I can fertilize and lay them. That is the fun; the rest is paper work.

The train was cold; the customs shed was cold (you go through Outbound Customs as well as Inbound, in our new world of fisco-analysis) and when we climbed the snowy gangplank to the *Empress of Canada* we were shocked and shamed. Tea with meat sandwiches (delicious thin sheaves of Canadian rare beef); cheese, Eccles cakes, hot water, liquid soap, towels laundered in crisp hundreds on

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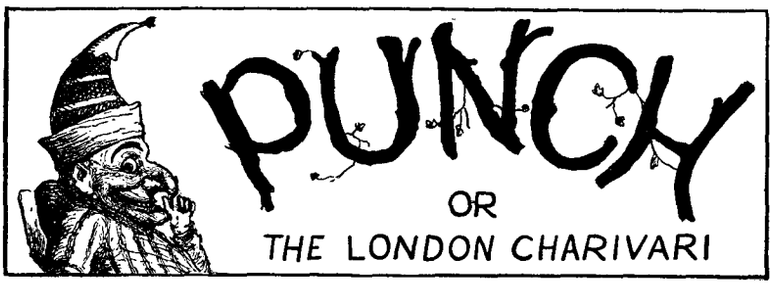

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the washroom racks)—what had we done to deserve them? I was horrified, and still am. And the piles of toast, of fresh rolls, the tables of ham and turkey and the slicing-master with his shaven blade to curl off such slabs of veal-and-ham and Melton Mowbray. What is there in a tide-tabled gangplank to warrant one's passage from less than enough to too much? I suppose it is somehow credited as "export." It is as silly, and as selfish, as all human history. The rich white-shining outbound ship stands high at her cold and sleety pier. You look through the glassed-in windows of the promenade and see the last fourgons of baggage loaded aboard by chilblained men; do you wonder why people wonder? As I saw the great platters of rolls and buns I thought of the little old lady in Cambridge, who brought to every meal her little paper bag of crusts, saved from the day before.

* * *

WE HAD fixed our sailing date long before Elizabeth and Philip did. I was sorry it had to be the night before the Wedding; but how tickled they were at our little glass hotel because they still had time to sell our rooms to four royalists. I felt in my simple way that two people's wedding is their own affair. I had found some of the antenuptial and millinery details hard to take. The description of Elizabeth's cami-knickers (an exclusively British lingerie) fitted with "Little kicks of frosty lace" gave me no comfort at all. I only hoped that she herself, poor soul, was not required to read the description of her bridal bedgown, in oyster silk. These were all in those scurvy little afternoon penny papers, where England shows her peasant psyche worse than we do. England does it in four pages, and takes it seriously. We do it in sixty-four pages, and roar from laughter. As in Thomas Hardy, too much of anything, even butchery, becomes comic.

The *Empress* ran into bad weather as soon as she was over the bar. The next morning, beyond the Mull of Kintyre, we were plunging in a nice old North of Ireland swell. It was drizzle and dour, those who had wrestled up from their berths were blanketed and supine in deck chairs. Then the BBC came on. In their earnest mode, so much more effective than American hysterics, the reporters along the Mall, along Whitehall, in The Abbey, told us about it. Sturdy British matrons, prostrate with seasickness, rallied up from their rugs; wizened Indian colonels strode the scuppers to hear. We heard the cheer, the cry of the British folk. I am, I think, a faithful reporter. Balancing

against the looward rail I listened. There was something maenad in that cry. It was more than a salute to two bashful and earnest young people. It was the voice of a race that had long had nothing to cheer. It rose above privations and queues and cold beds. It rose above the stately unsteamed homes of England; above discomfort and dearth. It was strange to hear it there, in the gray-green stormy waters north of the islands, in their own approved element of struggle. The beautiful white ship, loaded with good hope, buried her bright nose in dark northern gale. The voices of the air, the yell of stubborn millions worn by patient endurance, were not identifiable even as men, women, or children. They were the cry of an enduring race. Coal, for the first time, was over target. Steel was on the up and up. Themselves, by themselves if needed, could get round Cape Stiff. Despair was never their cup of tea.

As I heard that mixed and diapason roar, I thought of their great alien spokesman, Joseph Conrad. (They will never be good spokesmen for themselves.)

"You were a good crowd," he said. "As good a crowd as ever fisted a heavy foresail . . . or gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale."

I thought of that, and walked forward, alone, to smell the western sea.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Kringelein, in "Grand Hotel," by Vicki Baum. 2. Gabriel, in "No Trouble At All," from "Hotel Bemelmans, by Ludwig Bemelmans. 3. Theodore Racksole, in "Grand Babylon Hotel," by Arnold Bennett. 4. Billy Magee, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by Earl Derr Biggers. 5. Stephen Sorrell, in "Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping. 6. "Chad Hanna," by Walter D. Edmonds. 7. Myron Weagle, in "Work of Art," by Sinclair Lewis. 8. Gordon Miller, in "Room Service," by John Murray and Allen Boretz. 9. Harry Van, in "Idiot's Delight," by Robert E. Sherwood. 10. Bill Jones, in "Lightnin'," by Winchell Smith and John L. Golden.

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The Travel Log

The Saturday Review's Guide to 16mm. Sound Films for the Fireside Traveler

ENGLAND

(Part II)

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea."
Richard II: Act 2, Scene 1

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week* SRL *published a list of nine 16mm films on London in war and peace, in connection with the first of two articles on England by Christopher Morley. A supplementary list appears herewith.*

Title	*Details*	*Description*
ARCHITECTS OF ENGLAND**	Black and white. 13 minutes. Sound. Strand Films, Ltd.; BIS	A brief history beginning with the Stonehenge of the Druids, through the Elizabethan and Georgian eras, ending with modern steel and concrete structures.
COAL CRISIS**	Black and white. 22 minutes. Sound. This Modern Age series; J. Arthur Rank; BIS	One of a series of two-reel shorts comparable to our "March of Time." Emphasizes the importance of coal to Britain, almost all of whose power comes from the mines.
COUNTRY TOWN**	Black and white. 16 minutes. Sound. Verity Productions; BIS	The work of an old English market town, in the center of an agricultural area, which is concerned with the buying and selling of the produce of the land.
ENGLISH CRIMINAL JUSTICE**	Black and white. 22 minutes. Sound. Greenpark Productions; Film Producers Guild; BIS	Criminal court procedure as it is found in England, ranging from simple petty sessions cases to a murder trial at Old Bailey.
KNOW YOUR ALLY BRITAIN**	Black and white. 42 minutes. Sound. United States Army, SSD; UN; BIS	Produced during the war under the direction of Frank Capra to tell the members of our armed forces something of the background and customs of the British.
LISTEN TO BRITAIN** (Wartime Britain)	Black and white. 20 minutes. Sound. Crown Film Unit; BIS	A poetic presentation of the sights and sounds of the British people at work and play. There is no commentary. The audience literally listens to Britain.
RURAL ENGLAND*** (Prewar Britain)	Black and white. 9 minutes. Sound. Twentieth Century-Fox Magic Carpet Series	The English countryside in spring. Picturesque scenes of the pastoral side of Britain.
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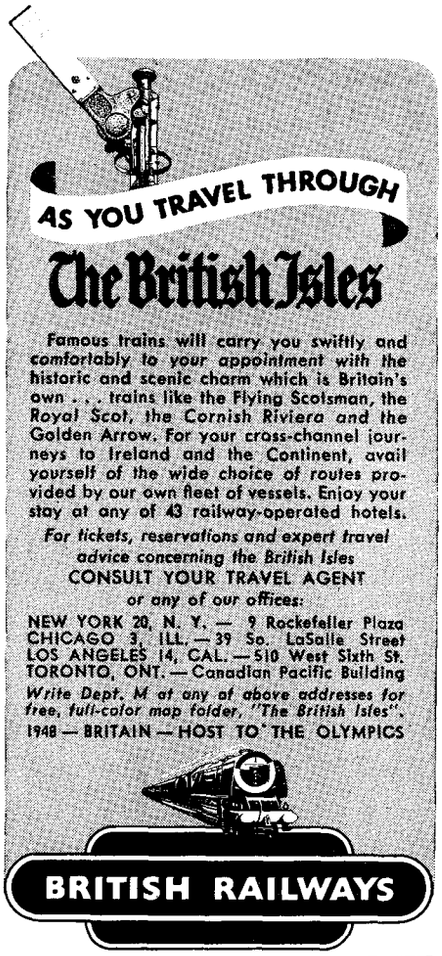
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the Phoenix Nest

CHESAPEAKE CALENDAR

I

The eeler comes early in April,
Bateau with the drums
Of pistons firing. Does he hear
Cold spring's desiring?

Tarry pot and maninose,
That's all he's got.
Still the note of fish-hawk lingers
In his rigid throat.

II

The gaunt man treads the quiet cove
Where the peeler sheds.
His heron eyes and clever mesh
Net them by surprise.

He's studied the creeks for sixty years,
Knows old Chesapeake's
Natural laws, and the color
Of the soft crab's claws.

III

The fogs of fall bring the progger
And the black duck's call.
In tune with the north wind
And the bitter loon.

Crouched in the marsh he finds freedom
Hiding with the harsh.
Often to lack, still to fan
A small fire in a shack.

IV

Hip-booted men, with long tongs,
Come to the cove again;
Rake the bar of oysters bare
Yet seldom the surface mar.

Men who never wrote a line
Are the greatest poets ever.
Verses of love inscribed upon
The bottom of the cove.

GILBERT BYRON.

* * *

THE POOR BENIGHTED

What is the helpless foreigner to do?
To master English idiom is tough
And if that does not offer grief enough,
He must distinguish *to* and *too* and *two.*
Then there is further cause for feeling blue:
All rules of spelling must seem silly stuff
When he discovers *cough* and *bough* and *rough*
Are like, in last four letters, *though* and *through.*
When he has mastered *bin* and *been* and *bean*
And learned that *cite* is neither *site* nor *sight,*
He has to conquer *seine* and *seen* and *scene*
Or *freight* and *sleight* and *weight* and *wight* and *white;*
Small wonder he suspects our *mien* is *mean*
And wants to throw a *bight* around our *bite!*

ARTHUR FREDERIC OTIS.

* * *

The National Ballad Contest instituted as a memorial for my brother, Stephen Vincent Benét, through the good offices of Edna St. John Chockett and The Word Weavers, is now under the sponsorship of the Midwest Poetry League. A contestant may enter two unpublished ballads either old style, popular, or literary. He or she should submit four unsigned copies of each entry, accompanied by a separate slip giving title, first line of poem, and author's name. There should also be enclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of entry after judging. None, otherwise, will be returned. All entries remain the property of the contestant. The deadline of the contest is September 15, 1948. The ballads should be sent to the clerks of the judges: Clarence O. and Marie L. Adams, 7077 West 24th Ave., Gary, Ind.

The envelopes should be marked "Ballad Contest." The first prize is the Don B. Skinner Award of $15, the second the Edna St. John Crocket Award of $10, the third the Poetry and Music Study Group Award of $5. Additional awards are books of contemporary verse. For any queries, write: Murray Skinner, director of contest, 8627 Denver Ave., Los Angeles 44, Calif.

* * *

WARNING

To all young maids who contemplate
A Bookshop job, heed my grim fate!
Once there, my buying habits ripened.
Vanished, alas! my weekly stipend!

NAN EMANUEL.

* * *

Austin Strong sends me the privately printed account of the Unveiling Ceremony at 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, on the 5th of March 1947, of a stone carved to commemorate the period when 17 Heriot Row was the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. Born in Howard Place, there he lived until he was six. His birthplace, where are assembled manuscripts, prints, and relics connected with his life and art, is maintained as a Memorial House by the R.L.S. Club. At the pleasant terraced house in Heriot Row the tablet was unveiled by the Lady Provost, and the Lord Provost said a few words. A most charming feature of the ceremony was the recitation by Christian Fiona (Kirsty), the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, of Stevenson's verses "The Lamplighter," concerning the famous Leerie who, with lantern and ladder, used to come "posting up the street." Mr. Strong, grandson of Mrs. Stevenson, writes:

> Though Barrie and R.L.S. never met in spite of the frantic entreaties from Vailima—they loved each other in letters sent across the infinite distance. "We are both Scots," wrote Stevenson, "and I suspect rather Scotty Scots; my own Scotchiness tends to intermittency, but at times erisypelitous—if that be rightly spelt. Lastly, I gathered we had both made our own stays in the metropolis of the winds: our Virgil's "grey metropolis," and I count that a lasting bond. No place so brands a man."
>
> What touched me about the enclosed was the fact that the old metropolis in that gray huddle of cold hills has remembered her son after all these years. How astonished he would have been could he have been told that one day St. Gaudens's medallion would be enlarged to life size (though a pen had to take the place of the cigarette in his left hand) and placed in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh.
>
> This little ceremony I think would have surprised him more. The lamp post, by the way, I have been told is the very same. They never changed it. So much for the dour Scotch!

* * *

FOR JAN MASARYK

Whether he died by forced defenestration,
or, weary of the time, by his own hand,
abhorring extra-legal penetration
of alien East or West within his land;
whether he plunged, heart-rived and mind unshaken,
sick to the marrow small nations can't survive,
and by his death hoped that a world might waken
its conscionable self so men may thrive
in peace as their unthrift made endless war,
we mourn a man who on the guarded bier
no longer eyes the gun's persuasive bore
or speaks aloud to the unreceptive ear.
Willed or unwilled, he made the sacrifice
and died for truth as other men for lies!

I. L. SALOMON.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEADLY DITTO *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2)	One man, three women, and a dog die violent deaths before Lieut. French and septuagenarian "deputy" drive mass-murderer to doom.	With exception of agile seventy-year head of wealthy Midwestern (?) clan, most of people are stereotypes. But there's gore aplenty.	Run-of-the-Morgue
BIRDS OF ILL OMEN *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2)	Dynamic American business magnate slain in lovely Oaxaca hacienda his money-mad second wife covets. His son, with Mexicans' assistance, corners killer.	Good background and some satisfactorily shivery bits, but characters are stencils and much of tale is unconvincing melodrama.	Tepid tamale
SINISTER STREET *Richard Burke* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Quinny Hite, Moon Mullins of private ops, vigorously assaults vernacular throughout hunt for Manhattan actor's killer, which ends about as expected.	Rough-diamond detective and cast of caricatures chase themselves through hall-ways, over roofs, and out of windows to dull-thud finish.	Pretty cheap
THE FRIGHTENED CHILD *Dana Lyon* (Harper: $2.50)	California stepfather of Polish refugee's puzzled boy dies from poison definitely administered by wife, but perceptive local lawyer believes she's innocent.	Emotionally supercharged and electrically suspenseful drama of murder, mental cruelty, and mother-love. Its trial-scenes, especially denouement, are stunning.	Excellent
THE BISHOP'S CAP *L. Lane Linklater* (Mill: $2.50)	Man who "urgently needs" investigator Silas Booth's services turns up slain, as does one more unfortunate in cactus-strewn California scene.	Can't hand much to any of people in yarn, but Booth & Co.'s impudent, wise-cracking detecting is clever and amusing.	Middlin'
PANTHERS' MOON *Victor Canning* (Mill: $3)	Young Englishman, chaperoning two panthers from Rome to Paris, meets murder, state-secrets, and high-altitude adventure in Switzerland and elsewhere.	Hero-custodian of girl-agent's documents experiences swift and stirring sequence of hair-raising situations before his ultimate and daring stratagem.	Capital intrigue-thriller
ETERNITY RING *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Strange tale of murder brings Miss Silver to English village where two girl-slayings are discovered, with Miss Silver clarifying solution.	Slightly plot-heavy, but otherwise serviceable Silver item, mixing homicide, romance, acceptable spinster sleuthing, and dry British humor quite enjoyably.	Good
SOLITARY WITNESS *Richard Collier* (Pellegrini & Cudahy: $3)	Calcutta shooting of government official seen by AWOL British soldier, who, with magnate's runaway daughter, traces killer through riots to doom.	Realistic, harrowing, and continuously thrilling picture of Indian unrest, native plotters, etc. Vivid writing, high suspense, and well-realized characters.	Admirable
DREADFUL SUMMIT *Stanley Ellin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Teen-age son of Manhattan saloonkeeper sees father savagely beaten by sadistic sports writer, and determines to avenge adored parent.	Powerful and heart-rending novel of lonely, loyal, imaginative boy's bitter conflict with life. Utterly frank, sordid, shocking—and entirely absorbing.	Distinguished—but not pretty

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COOPERATIVE COMMUNITY LIFE attracts young woman knowing little about it. Would those similarly interested, or already in established groups, write? Box 789-Y.

SUMMER COUNTRY. Job as children's companion, sought by versatile, experienced college graduate, 27. Box 790-Y.

IDEA GIRL, with know-how. Literary and business experience. Promotion, writes own copy and layouts, writer and editor. Attractive, young and ambitious, looking for position. N.Y.C. Box 791-Y.

ACCOUNTING-SECRETARIAL PARTTIME services offered by responsible woman exchange room—light housekeeping. N.Y.C. Box 792-Y.

PUBLICITY CAMPAIGNS PLOTTED. Deadlines checked. HELM, 29 East 4th St., N.Y.C. 3.

MALE ENGINEER, artist, art and music lover, desires female correspondence. Box 793-Y.

GIRL COLLEGE, stenographic, publicity and theatrical background, going to Italy and France in June, wants commissions or position in either country. Box 794-Y.

TWO GIRLS (RECENT COLLEGE GRADS) desire unusual, adventurous, stimulating summer occupation. Box 795-Y.

TOP O' SUGAR HILL, WHITE MOUNTAINS. Ranch-type summer home of 11 rooms, 4 baths, big studio living room, fireplaces, all conveniences. Glorious views. Sale, furnished, $18,000; season rental $1,700. M. H. Fisher, owner, 70 Pine St., N.Y.C. DIgby 4-5944.

THERE IS A YOUNG TEACHER called Sir, whose mind has become quite ablurr, says he I am game, for any job you can name, but a summer with kids I'll defer. Box 796-Y.

SPEECH CORRECTION AND IMPROVEMENT. Accredited specialist will accept limited clientele in N.Y.C. during summer. Box 797-Y.

DUTCHMAN, 24, educated five European countries; student American college; desires summer occupation in country or seashore: tutor children, driver, personal secretary. Command of Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian; correct English, knowledge Latin, Greek. During war fought in underground. After liberation was secretary to former Premier of Italy; also newspaper correspondent. Box 798-Y.

SEMI-PHILOSOPHICAL YOUNG MAN, interested in psychology, ideas, literature as well as nonsense would exchange correspondence with like-minded females. Box 799-Y.

LONELY IN SPRING! Attractive young woman who finds herself in this deplorable situation would welcome correspondence with sincere man in similar plight. Box 800-Y.

PRINCETON GRADUATE, high honors, teaching experience, seeks summer companion position preferably involving travel. Box 801-Y.

SUMMER COTTAGE for two desired. Essentials: quietude, high altitude, freedom from poison ivy, cooking facilities, weekend distance from N.Y.C. H. Bercovich, 87 Hamilton Place, N.Y.C. 31.

SUMMER RENTAL, $500. Large camp,—cottage in quiet spot on Penobscot Bay near Rockland, Maine Modern conveniences. Box 802-Y.

HOPEFUL AUTHOR finishing first novel is hunting—writing or editing position. Especially interested radio. Young Ex-Wave officer, newspaper experience, college librarian. Box 803-Y.

NANTUCKET-BOUND? Interview now this young graduate student, Columbia, for your summer job. Anything from maid to mentor. Box 805-Y.

ADVENTUROUS TEACHER of art aviation and primary school seeks interesting position. Box 806-Y.

LIFE MAGAZINE FOR SALE. Complete file and indexes. Make offer. Box 807-Y.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, M.A. (MICHIGAN). Woman, 38, residing California. Author children's books, articles. Experienced secretary, dictaphone. Available suitable position. Box 808-Y.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime — brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT—Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal Business assignments, representation undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest City. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

BROWN UNIVERSITY STUDENT. Tutor Greek, Latin, preparatory school subjects. Preferably private family, summer colony. References. Box 809-Y.

WANTED TO BUY. Sound house, 2-3 rooms (or 1 large), on or near lake. Accessible N.Y.C. bus, train. Electricity, running water not essential. Reasonable. Box 810-Y.

COOL 5-ROOM FURNISHED duplex off Gracie Square, N.Y.C. May-Sept. Suitable tenants preferred to high rent. REgent 7-8173.

PRODUCER REQUIRES JUNIOR ASSISTANT. Opportunity for young man with keen editorial sense plus genuine ability write imaginatively and well. Must be competent handle correspondence, able type, drive car, plus willingness travel and work irregular hours. Give education, details, college major and special interests. State references and minimum starting salary. Box 811-Y.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, college graduate, served overseas with Red Cross, excellent social background wants to supervise motherless country home. Box 812-Y.

HAVE YOU SEEN "Dialectical Materialism and General Semantics"? Full length article by Dr. Anatol Rapoport in the current issue of ETC: A review of General Semantics. $1 a copy. Subscription $4 a year. Write ETC., 549 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

HAVEN'T YOU SOME BOOKS you would like to sell if you could get a decent price for them? Then get my offer on your list. Box 813-Y.

WRITER desires job as caretaker small-large estate. Willing work summer, winter. Experienced. $100 month. Room, board. Box 814-Y.

YOUR TWO FEET DIFFERENT SIZES? Oxfords, pair white, pair black, right 6½, left 7½, might satisfy. Box 815-Y.

UNPRETENTIOUS, mere ordinary human male, seeks friendly correspondence with understanding mature woman of that age where life seems to begin. Box 816-Y.

EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER-SECRETARY free to travel, driver's license, excellent references, desires permanent position. Box 817-Y.

OPEN-MINDED? SERIOUS? WITHDRAWN? Gay-spirited? Witty? Dull? Adventurous? Placid? Ornery? Mature? Immature? Young? Old? Interested in a non-political experiment in community living. Box 818-Y.

MATURE BUSINESS WOMAN, wishes position part-time secretarial or similar work for individual or summer resort. Free to travel. Box 819-Y.

FRIENDLY YOUNG LADY interested theatricals, concerts, museums invites male correspondence. Box 820-Y.

MATURE LADY, zestful, sense of humor, intriguing personality desires correspondence with thoughtful sincere male. Box 821-Y.

YOUR FACTFINDER: Investigating any problem in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches. Broad European-American experience. E. P. Hillpern, 14 East 80 St., N.Y.C. 21.

TO LET FOR SUMMER: Beautiful, furnished year around home on Lake Megunticook overlooking mountains, near ocean. Camden, Maine, $1,000. Bradstreet, 23 Pine St., Waltham, Mass.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM. For Sale: A collection of forty life portrait drawings of leading writers of U.S.A., England, France, Germany and Italy, together with short original autobiographical manuscripts from the book: "Portraits and Self Portraits" by Georges Schreiber. The Collection includes: Andre Gide, Thomas Mann, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Paul Valery, H. L. Mencken, Somerset Maugham, Thomas Wolfe, Albert Einstein, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Franz Werfel. Each original drawing is autographed in ink by subject. Collection also includes signed personal letters. Price: $3500. Write Box 822-Y.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

PRINCETONIAN, occasional gentleman, literary and creative interests, Modern Greek specialist, desires summer job tutoring, writing, or anything anywhere. Box 823-Y.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

FREE FOR SUMMER, agreeable young man, University senior, promising writer, desires interesting position, experience or travel. Box 824-Y.

LOOKING FOR QUIET, non-scratching poker chips? Try set of flexible, famous Poly-T in smart case. A thoughtful gift, $1.98. Treasures, Box 374-A, Columbus, Ohio.

PRE-MEDICAL STUDENT desires summer position. Aquatic instructor appreciate good literature and music, experienced drive, enjoys nature and out-of-doors. Get along with children. Box 825-Y.

MAINE FOR THE CREATIVE. If I can get the backing of 14 congenial people—preferably writers, artists — to share my private residence, "Taft-Point," 80 shore acres, on Frenchmans' Bay, West Gouldsboro, Maine; I will take all responsibility for serving the best meals and drinks obtainable. Lobster traps offshore — clams, mussels galore. $8 to $11 per day — with meals. Information and photographs on request. Opens June 1st through November deer-hunting. Marlow Lucas, Taft-Point, West Gouldsboro, Maine.

ARE YOU A MARIONETEER, handy with tools, boys and imagination? Counsellor for Boys' camp wanted, age between 25 and 45. James Anspacher, 116 West Ross St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

TWO COLUMBIA STUDENTS desire work out of city. Room and board sufficient. Time for study essential. Box 826-Y.

PERSONABLE YOUNG WOMAN OF DISCRETION wanted as private secretary to businessman. Must be versatile, adaptable, and of calm disposition. Occasional traveling may be required; salary and expenses will be discussed. Give experience and training. Box 827-Y.

WOMAN, college graduate, major dramatic arts, expert typist, fond of children, wishes summer vacation for self and healthy daughter, age 6, in return for services rendered. Box 828-Y.

AN OPEN FIRE PLAYING on fine antiques and many well-loved books; the poetic prose of St. Exupery and Robert Payne, the thrill of good theatre; a Norman Corwin radio broadcast; the dream of far horizons; to me at life's alleged beginning, these things are real. What masculine counterpart would enjoy correspondence? Box 829-Y.

PERSONABLE KENT SCHOOL GRADUATE, entering college in fall, seeks interesting, unusual position, preferably traveling, for summer. Will go anywhere, do anything. Box 830-Y.

VERSATILE FEMME would correspond with gentleman of integrity and wit. Box 831-Y.

FRENCHMAN, Princeton instructor, desires summer job lecturing, teaching, tending children, translating, writing, ghost-writing, ghost-painting, etc. Needs money for marriage. Box 832-Y.

GREAT DRIVES—Music, outdoors, literature? Mature, sensitive male with sense of humor? Mature, sensitive woman say—let's correspond. Box 833-Y.

COLLEGE GIRL, 20, typing, writing, critical ability, desires interesting summer job N. Y. C. Box 834-Y.

NEW YORK APARTMENT WANTED. Single occupancy. Two weeks or month. June-July. Central location. Librarian. Box 835-Y.

COLLEGE-JUNIOR, Navy vet, 24, seeks interesting summer job, types, good swimmer. Box 836-Y.

COLLEGE SENIOR majoring in journalism, education, desires summer occupation involving travel as chauffeur, typist, companion. Capable, dependable, intellectual interests. Male. Box 837-Y.

DOD'S PEERAGE—Now obtainable if ordered promptly—Although again being published, this handy and authoritative reference book is still difficult to secure. We fortunately have received a limited supply of the 106th edition for distribution, but only on a first-come-first-served basis. We urge your immediate response. Price, $6. Post prepaid. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16. Telephone MUrray Hill 9-2242.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 735

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

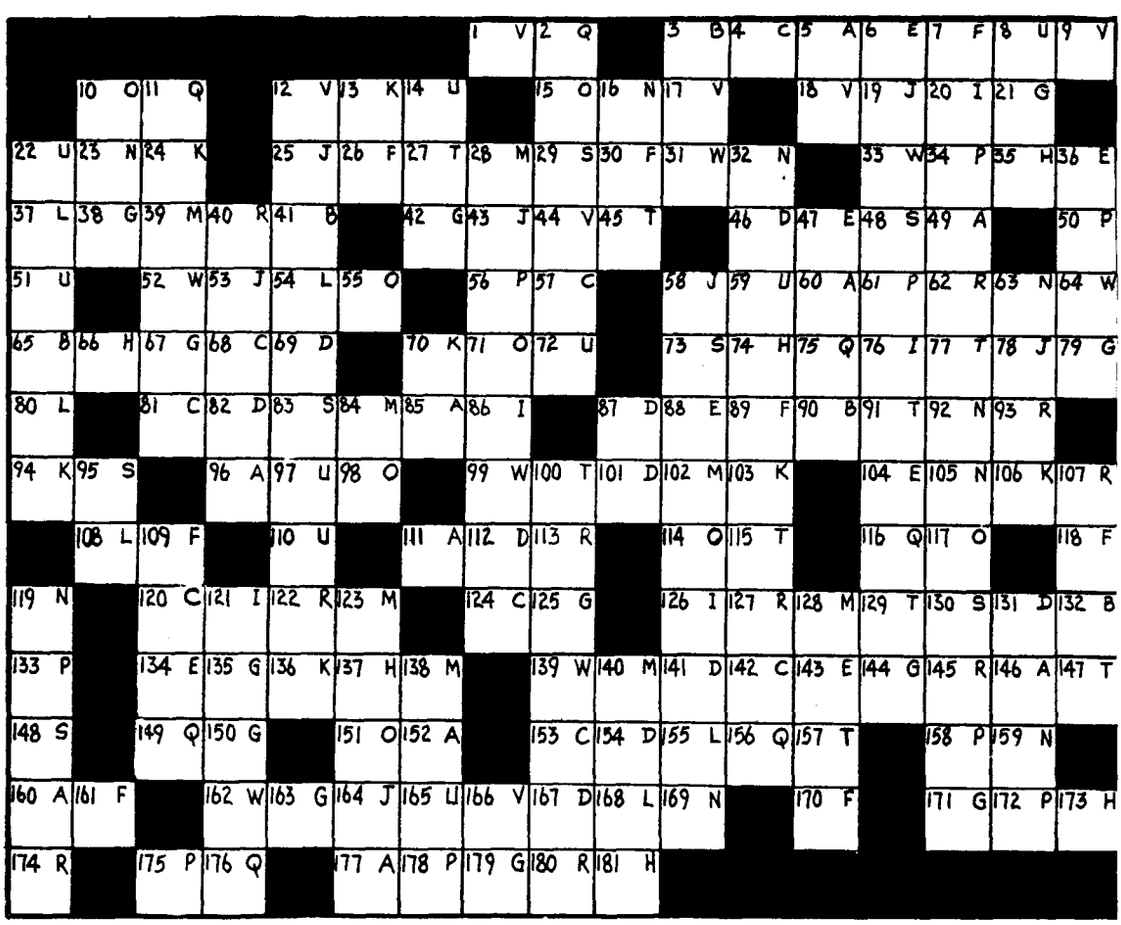
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. So written as to leave no possibility of misconception, etc. (of legal documents and the like).	111 60 96 49 85 160 5 177 146 152
B. English economists, socialists, writers, individually and jointly as man and wife, recently deceased.	3 65 90 132 41
C. Russian-American piano virtuoso (1904-).	120 81 4 57 153 142 124 68
D. Indefinitely ancient.	167 87 46 69 101 154 82 131 112 141
E. Discussed; expounded; argued.	36 104 88 47 6 143 134
F. Pertaining to an ancient land of which Homer was reputed a native.	89 170 26 161 109 7 118 30
G. Great Athenian playwright ("Lysistrata").	135 79 67 150 42 125 171 38 179 144 163 21
H. Known as the "Father of the Twentieth Amendment" (1861-1944).	173 35 74 66 137 181
I. State flower of North Carolina.	126 121 76 20 86
J. Speechless.	53 25 43 78 164 19 58
K. Transference of disease germs from an infected to a well person (Med.).	136 24 106 70 13 94 103
L. Greek lyric poet of sixth century B.C., in Italy, foully murdered.	108 168 80 37 155 54
M. Deranged or disordered (state of body, mind, etc.).	138 140 128 84 102 28 39 123
N. Greek sculptor of fourth century B.C., associated with Scopas.	32 169 16 63 23 105 92 159 119
O. Japanese shogun of the Tokugawas, 1792-1853; opposed to American trade.	151 15 98 55 10 117 71 114
P. Appellation, with "The," of South American soldier and patriot, 1783-1830.	178 50 158 133 34 172 56 175 61
Q. German character actor, director, dramatist, 1759-1814.	116 11 176 156 149 2 75
R. An imaginary location, symbol of comfort and prosperity (2 wds.; colloq.).	107 62 93 113 180 145 122 127 174 40
S. The premier dukedom of England ranking next after the princes of the blood.	83 73 130 95 29 148 48
T. Shortened; lopped.	45 27 100 77 129 147 115 91 157
U. Sort of panel, usually on the walls of one's dwelling, upon which the arms of a deceased person are temporarily displayed (Her.).	97 110 22 165 59 14 72 8 51
V. One of the battles that gave rise to Orangemen's Day in Ireland.	44 17 9 12 166 1 18
W. Secured with a specific kind of fastener, as a door.	139 31 64 33 99 52 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for MAY, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

AN INTERESTING phenomenon, during the period of enforced idleness for American record manufacturers, is the growth in importance and enterprise of the English firm called "London," which is the adjunct to English Decca, in the popular field. When it made its first appearance several months ago, it had little more than superb recording (of the full frequency range variety) to offer, and a welcome freedom from some influences — radio, Hollywood, etc.—which affect American production of popular records. It also seemed concerned with imitating some other American tendencies which it might have better forgotten.

Since then, however, London has come of age—first with a tune called "Now Is the Hour," which rushed into a vacuum of popular enthusiasm and established the label as one known to a mass public through the sale of approximately a million discs of the performance by Gracie Field, and now with an ear-filling effort by Ted Heath and his orchestra of a work which "Fats" Waller called a "London Suite."

With or without the music of Waller, the introduction of the Heath orchestra would be something notable, for it presents an ensemble of English musicians playing in the manner of the best American "big" bands of the pre "be-bop" era—Goodman, Dorsey, Shaw, and Miller. Were any of these still active, in the manner of old, the occurrence would still be noteworthy, but since most of them have succumbed, for one reason or another, it is something more. It is especially interesting since the inspiration for its work came from the remarkable Air Force Band which Glenn Miller took to England and led with such distinction until his death.

Joined with the ideas of another legendary figure of the jazz world—"Fats" Waller—the orchestra exercises an irresistible compulsion. By far the best music in the album is the section called "Chelsea," in which "Kenny" Baker demonstrates why he is considered the premier jazz trumpeter of England. His superb tone and irresistible feeling would give him claim to similar recognition in a field much less restricted. The other sections — "Whitechapel," "Limehouse," "Bond Street," "Piccadilly," and "Soho"—are not quite so original, but they remind us that Waller needed but one thing to become as original a force in jazz as Duke Ellington. That was what was never granted to him by his line of work—opportunity.

Jazz fans should take this issue to their hearts for another reason than the artful work of Heath, and the inspired writing of Waller: it presents a jazz orchestra in complete detail and potent reality, with all the instruments as roundly realistic as they are at first hand. When American recorders resume such work, they should take this as their criterion.

IRVING KOLODIN, EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

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All prices quoted include Federal tax

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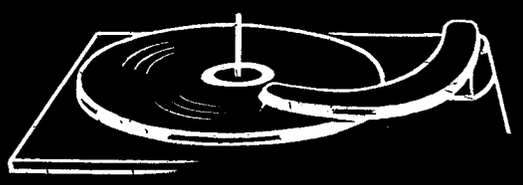

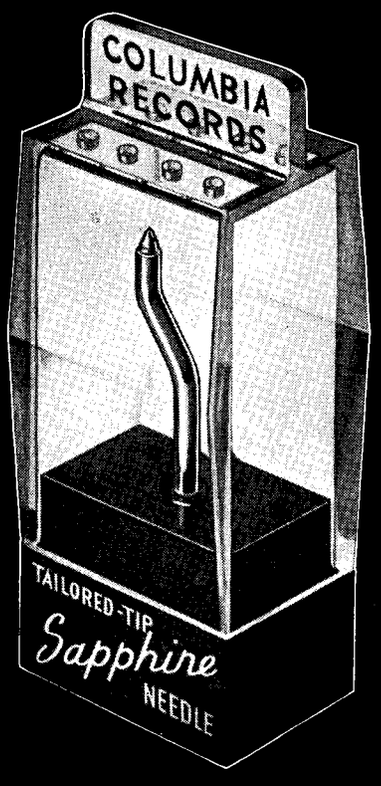

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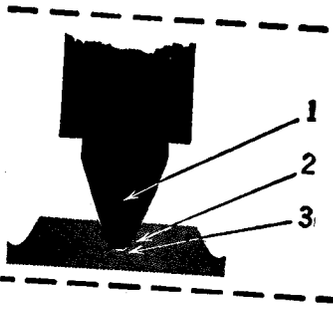

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1. The point is "tailored" to fit the record groove for more lifelike reproduction.
2. It rides on sidewalls of record grooves only for less surface noise.
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Amazing new clarity, brilliance, and fidelity with long life! Shadowgraphed for uniform perfection.

Columbia "TAILORED-TIP"* SAPPHIRE Needle

*Trade-mark

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A Guinea Pig's View of Television

IRVING KOLODIN

AS THE owner of a television set bought, if not paid for, prior to the appearance of Arturo Toscanini directing the NBC orchestra for the video public, this viewer regards himself much as the members of the Roosevelt-before-Chicago group must have. Having suffered the tribulations of its spawning stages, the little evidence of growth must be recognized as significant, or, as its sponsors modestly called it, "historic." Here was a new eminence from which the future of the device could be comprehended, broader horizons discerned.

There were those, of course, who were for television before the Louis-Walcott fight; who were for television before the World Series last fall; who were for television even before the Davis Cup tennis matches of last summer. This limited number declare that, at that time, an *important* program was one in which an expert in finger-shadows showed how to make a donkey's head on a wall. Nobody can contradict them, for the evidence has vanished. It sounds plausible, for it was, at least "live."

However, the citations above show well what the gamut of television has been until now. Its three B's have been Baseball, Basketball, and Boxing —a variation from Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms to which I personally, have no objection. But they are played by expensive performers and only at given times. There are the inevitable nights when the Garden is being used for a horse, flower, or dog show, or, in the outdoor season, when it rains. In the absence of "live" entertainment from its Acropolis, it has been the custom of television stations to dispense either amateur talent—which is worse, even, to look at than to hear—or antiquated films ("Sheepranching in Australia" is a favorite of mine) or hopeful importations from radio. An opinion seems to prevail that all televiewers are sporting characters, in checked suits, checked vests, and checked ties, who have also checked their brains before sitting down.

All this has not been changed by the symbolic blast from Petrillo's trumpet (gravely projected from a film to the television audience as a curtain raiser to the first Toscanini broadcast of Wagner), by a few more symphonic concerts, or by the viewing of a few scenes from a Broadway play. But so respected is the potential power of the medium that the producers of so great a success as "Mr. Roberts" would not allow the still small family of television owners to see any of the important scenes of the play. They might, the reasoning seemed to run, cease to be prospective ticket-buyers. Not often has an infant industry won so much respect for prowess on the basis of so little accomplishment.

TELEVISION today is a fascinating study for anyone with the kind of curiosity that includes, say, the reading of *The Congressional Record* from cover to cover. It combines the same promise of better things with a rather hopeless kind of discontent for what exists at the moment. It is an intensely American kind of commercial-artistic venture in which no technical problem is too great for solution, but only the biggest, the best, the most publicized talent—Toscanini, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera—are touchstones of progress. I have yet to see any evidence that serious, direct thought has been applied to such a fundamental premise as "What can television do best?" Its objectives to date have corresponded remarkably with the two great mass amusement industries —the movies and the radio—for, perhaps, the most obvious of reasons: it uses a camera and it transmits sound. If it is considered how long each of these has been in existence, and how seldom they solve the problems of

—NBC Photo.

Television takes over the hit play and movie "Blithe Spirit"—"Not often has an infant industry won so much respect for prowess on the basis of so little accomplishment."

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their own media with real credit, the combined problems of television become a little more comprehensible.

There is every good reason, however, why anyone with an interest in the world about him should want to own a television set, even at this adolescent period of its growth. Whether he will must depend largely on whether he can subtract the needed amount from his budget without depriving himself of other things he regards as essential. But television (especially in the cities served by the coaxial cable on which network programs can be moved to points more distant than the horizon, or beyond the range of relay stations) is alive, and occasionally kicking with energetic force; it can bring the three-ringed circus of Barnum and Bailey into your home, or the forty-eight-ringed circus of the national political conventions; it lends clarity to reporting by its amplification, through maps and pictures, of spot-news stories; it might well make the newsreel theatres as passé as the baseball extras of the newspapers.

Technically, it is far beyond the resources of radio, when radio was, comparatively, of television's youth. For one thing, it has had a vast amount of laboratory preparation before the public was invited to sample it; there is the whole background of radio research to build on, down to such a boon as Frequency Modulation for its listening channel. It has had, so far as present results are evidence, careful supervision from the F.C.C., and there is scarcely a chance of buying a pig in a poke from any reputable manufacturer.

The range of equipment now being offered (see adjoining table) is not unlike the panorama of motor cars available in ordinary times: there are economy models, service types, de luxe and luxury merchandise. There is the type that will get you there and back, the station-wagon-set variety, and also the long-as-the-Brooklyn-Bridge sort. I have not sampled either the cheapest or the most expensive, but in the in-between categories there are some observations to be offered.

First (and of foremost importance to those who are music-minded) a television receiver must be considered in relation to the whole problem of home entertainment, as it involves a radio, a record reproducer, and its own special function as well. The least expensive which combine all these desirable features begin well over $500, which is understandable if it is considered that a radio and record reproducer of superior quality costs nearly that alone. Cabinet work becomes more elaborate as more adjuncts are built into a single unit, and

Television Units Generally Available

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This listing surveys the principal varieties of television units now generally available, showing comparatively the specifications of units in the same categories. A listing of all features is not possible in the available space; cabinet work, for example, cannot be evaluated without allowance for the purchaser's taste and special requirements. No attempt has been made to list custom-built models, nor are television kits—to be assembled by the purchaser in his own home—included.*

Prices are current retail quotations for the set only, and do not include installation charges or service warranties. However, these are conventional extras which apply to all equipment, and not a competitive factor. Since the whole industry is in an extremely fluid state at the present time, prices are subject to change—especially in the higher brackets—and the listings must be regarded as a gauge only, as of April 15, 1948.

NAME AND MODEL		TUBE SIZE	PRICE	FEATURES
TABLE MODELS: (direct viewing)				
Tele-Tone	149	7"	$ 149.95	
Hallicrafters	Table	7"	169.50	
Motorola	71-VT	7"	179.95	
Westminster	E170W	7"	198.50	
Philco	700	7"	199.50	
Belmont	22A21	7"	250.00	
Emerson	571A	10"	269.50	
Televue	820	10"	275.00	
Westminster	E110W	10"	279.50	
RCA	721-TS	10"	325.00	
Philco	1001	10"	339.50	
Crosley	307-TA	10"	375.00	
Fada	799	10"	375.00	
Farnsworth	GV260	10"	375.00	
RCA	8TS30	10"	375.00	
Sightmaster	10-S-1	10"	375.00	Includes FM radio
U.S. Television	T10823	10"	375.00	
Philco	1000	10"	395.00	
Westminster	M120W	12"	398.50	
DuMont	Chatham	12"	445.00	Includes FM radio
GE	803	10"	449.95	Includes FM and AM radio
Sightmaster	12-S-1	12"	475.00	Includes FM radio
Sightmaster	15-S-1	15"	595.00	Includes FM radio
Andrea	T-VJ12	12"	695.00	Includes FM and AM radio
Universal Television	T15	15"	795.00	
U. S. Television	T15823	15"	895.00	
Universal Television	T15D	15"	995.00	Includes FM radio
CONSOLE (floor) MODELS: (direct viewing)				
Admiral	30-A-14	10"	299.95	With matching FM and AM radio and phonograph $599.90
RCA	721-TCS	10"	369.50	
Belmont	22AX22	10"	369.95	
Philco	1050	10"	449.50	
RCA	630-TCS	10"	450.00	
Westinghouse	H-181	10"	485.00	
Motorola	VK-101	10"	495.00	Includes FM and AM radio
Sightmaster	10-S-2	10"	495.00	Includes FM radio and built-in enlarging and filtering lens.
Cleervue	Hollywood	12"	499.00	Includes AM radio
Stewart-Warner	T711	10"	499.95	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
RCA	730-TV-1	10"	595.00	
Stewart-Warner	TCR-721	10"	599.95	Includes AM radio and phonograph
Stromberg-Carlson	TV10L	10"	625.00*	
RCA	730-TV-2	10"	675.00	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
Rembrandt	80	12"	695.00	Includes FM radio
GE	802	10"	725.00	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
U. S. Television	T502	10"	745.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Cleervue	Regency	15"	750.00	
Andrea	C-VJ12	12"	795.00	Includes FM and AM radio
Crosley	348-CP	10"	795.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Du Mont	Savoy	12"	795.00	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
Garod	3912TVFMP	12"	795.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Rembrandt	130	15"	895.00	Includes FM radio
Andrea	CO-VJ12	12"	995.00	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
Coronet	New Yorker	15"	1095.00	Includes FM and AM radio
Stromberg-Carlson	TV10P	10"	1095.00*	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph
Stromberg-Carlson	TV12P	12"	1195.00*	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Coronet	Concert Grand	15"	1465.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Du Mont	Sherwood and Devonshire	15"	1795.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Du Mont	Westminster and Hampshire	20"	2495.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph

*Includes installation charge and service warranty.

CONSOLE (floor) MODELS: (projection type)		SCREEN SIZE		
Philco	2500	15x20"	795.00	
RCA	8-PCS-41	15x20"	895.00	
RCA	648-PTK	15x20"	1195.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio
Panatrope	3000P	15x20"	1750.00	Includes phonograph
U. S. Television	T-621	16x21"	1795.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
GE	901	18x24"	2100.00	Includes FM, AM and short wave radio and phonograph
Telicor	Home Deluxe	18x24"	2400.00	Includes FM and AM radio and phonograph

Prepared by JAMES E. JUMP AND ASSOCIATES.

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the cost of the whole will rise proportionately.

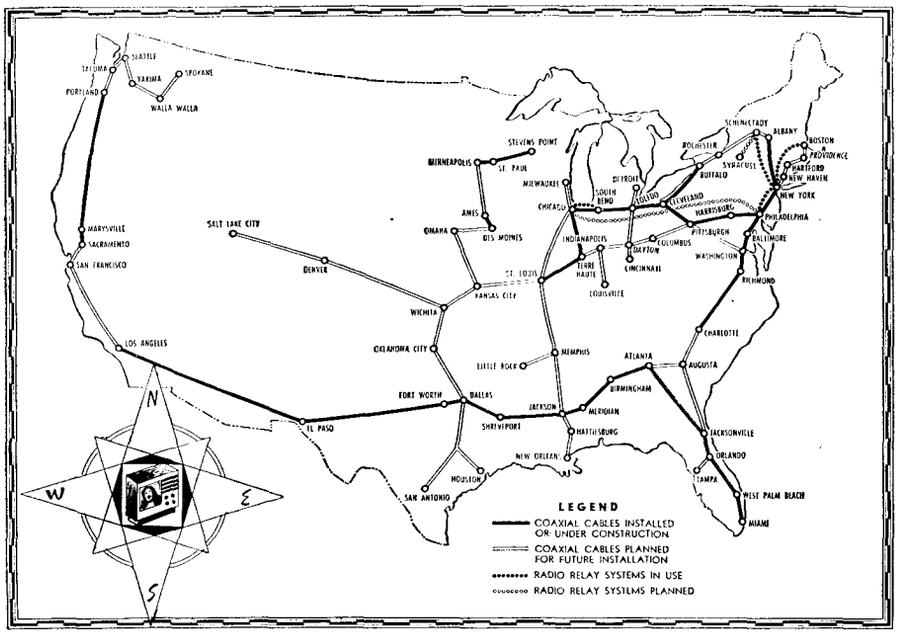
There is the alternative of the separate compact television unit, to be added to the existing radio and record-playing facilities the purchaser may own. This, for the time being, promises to answer the needs of most persons with the greatest satisfaction. In the first place, the basic television function—bringing a picture into the home—is almost as well served by a unit costing approximately $300 as by one costing twice as much. The difference between small-screen and large-screen television has been minimized, if not obliterated, by the magnifying devices now on sale which offer, at a cost of about $60, enlargement of the basic picture to two, three, or four times its original size.

It is argued by some that such a lens reduces the area of vision, since only the direct forward view is free of distortion. This is unquestionably true; but there is the compensation that the picture can be seen clearly at a much greater distance from the screen. Thus, what is lost in lateral viewing angle is more than replaced by the depth from which the screen can be seen—and wherever the viewer is seated, he will see a picture several times the original size.

A further factor for the small set is the possibility of associating it with a large phonograph unit or combination radio. The small speaker such a set contains will not be adequate for faithful reproduction of a Toscanini broadcast or the Metropolitan, when it reopens in the fall. However, it is a blessed feature of television that sight and sound are independent; and it is possible to watch the action from the screen and listen to it from a conventional radio without loss of authenticity. Furthermore, by comparatively simple rewiring, the sound from the television unit can be fed through the larger speaker of an existing radio or phonograph.

THE TWO variations of picture-reproduction noted in the table merit some discussion: there is the "direct view" method (universally used in the sets of moderate price) in which the picture is screened directly from the tube, and so-called "projected television" in which the tube is reflected and enlarged by a mirror, which displays it on a composition screen. Its frequency of use in the larger, more expensive models leads to a natural assumption that it is a refined form of the basic procedure, hence more desirable.

There is no common agreement on this point, however. Theoretically, "projected television" is desirable, because there is less glare in the pic-



"Television (especially in cities served by coaxial cable) is alive and kicking . . . it might well make the newsreel theatre as passé as the baseball extras of the newspapers."

ture, and the image is larger. However there is also a loss of definition, and contrast is diminished to the extent that viewing in daylight is impracticable. This calls for dimming of lights or drawing of shades, both unnecessary with direct-view television under ordinary conditions. An image well-received on a small direct-view unit and enlarged by a magnifying lens will give results quite as good as an image "projected" in the method described on a much more expensive set.

The hedging implied by such phrases as "well-received" and "ordinary conditions" should not be taken for more than the simple, as-stated reservations. Using a television set of ordinary design and modest price much too near the transmitters for best results, I enjoy excellent reception from two of the three stations now operating in the New York area. By a slight alteration in receiving technic (the use of an alternate antenna) the third can be seen quite as well. This, despite the use of a converter to provide the necessary alternating current, for the unit is in a direct current locality. There is occasional interference from man-made sources (physicians' equipment, etc.) but it is no important annoyance. More disturbing is the "loss of picture" which occurs when the camera leaves the area it is scanning and a studio shot (usually a commercial) is interpolated. Since the two are imperfectly synchronized, the screen blacks out, and another adjustment is necessary. This, however, is a technic to be improved by the transmitters, and has nothing to do with receiving conditions.

All these quibbles—and they are no more than that—tend to minimize what should, under no circumstances, be minimized: the existence of a device even more miraculous than radio, which conveys to a distant observer all the color, truth, and authenticity of whatever is brought within range of its all-seeing eye. It shames the radio announcer into truth (a majestic feat in itself), nullifies hyperbole, and frowns in pitiless disdain on exaggeration. It gives the receiver the resource of sight to check the evidence that reaches his ear, it makes him an impassive, objective, independent witness to history as it happens, or art as it is created.

Any reservations or insufficiencies that remain are in respect to the uses to which it is put: the timid restriction to patterns safely approved by successful use on the radio, or the gaudy incursions of publicity-conscious program directors, or the meagre facilities provided by budget-wary producers. Millions, we know, have been expended to develop the device to the degree of utility it has today, but it is scarcely hardy enough yet to make its way in the world on its own. More fostering, more patience, perhaps even a few more millions are needed to give it the solidity and independence its qualities warrant.

The desperate haste to make television "commercial" may be, in the end, an extravagant practicality. If its inherent capacities are developed as they should be, by the development of programs in accord with its special virtues, it can hardly avoid its destiny of being indispensable. But it still must reconcile the vagrant temptations to settle for movie and radio technics before it achieves that status.

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The Basic Record Library

Brahms

THE PIANO CONCERTOS

No. 1 in D minor. A really satisfactory version of this work does not exist, though there are four of various merits. The most recent recording is Clifford Curzon's for English Decca, in which his personal qualities are excellent, those of the orchestra directed by Enrique Jorda less good. The recording is high fidelity, but the mass of sound which makes up this work was not too well handled. Otherwise the American catalogues offer Serkin and Reiner, Schnabel and Szell, of which the former is the more recent recording, and the better balanced in musical qualities. It preceded the recent period of improvement in Columbia's American recording, but it has more to offer, all told, than the older Schnabel issue. (See below for comment on Bachaus.)

No. 2 in B flat. The one incomparable element among reproduced versions of this work is the orchestral direction of Toscanini in the Victor edition with Horowitz. It is far more sensitized and comprehending than any others available now, or likely to be soon. Against this, however, is a little reservation about some of the clangor in Horowitz's tone, and the flaming intensity with which some passages, not meant to sound so, are read. However, with all respect for the musical virtues of Rudolf Serkin and the soundly directed Philadelphia Orchestra performance with Eugene Ormandy, there is too much that is unique about the Horowitz-Toscanini edition to be decried. Both recordings are excellent.

THE DOUBLE CONCERTO

For Cello and Violin, in A minor. There appears to be tacit agreement among competitors that Heifetz and Feuermann are an insuperable combination in this work, for no new one has been offered to the American trade since it was made, about 1941. Some of us remember Thibaud and Cassals with a special affection, but there can be little discontent with the present performers. Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra are the collaborators.

THE VIOLIN CONCERTO

In D major. The replacement, in 1946, of the superb Szigeti performance of old with a superb Szigeti performance of today is the answer, for my taste, to any questions about this work. The virtuosity of Heifetz is a singular demonstration of how well this work can sound on the violin, but he is not so well favored by Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra as Szigeti is by Ormandy and the Philadelphia. There is also a measure of favor, in recording, on the side of the latter. For those who cherish a remembrance of Kreisler's eloquence in this work, the still available recording on Victor is refreshing, but it is too flawed by technical lapses for recommendation otherwise.

THE SYMPHONIES

No. 1 in C minor. Another endorsement for Toscanini, this time without any reservations on behalf of his partner. All the partnership here is with the NBC orchestra, which bends to his purpose with complete flexibility. The newer of the two Stokowski versions (with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra) is more massive, tonally, but not of comparable distinction, in musical values. Nor is the Rodzinski-Philharmonic performance more than nominally competitive.

No. 2 in D. Were the Beecham-London Philharmonic of more recent date, I might retain the preference for it which long prevailed, but there is, plainly, much more of the score to be heard in Pierre Monteux's version with the San Francisco Orchestra. His conception of the music is also non-eccentric, more Germanic, indeed, than one would expect of this eminent Parisian. Fine, clear reproduction. A recent Rodzinski for Columbia (with the Philharmonic) is inoffensive, and well played, but there is not nearly so much Brahms to be heard here as in the Monteux or Beecham. Where available, the Weingartner of Columbia album 493 may be commended as the archetype of classical work in this symphony.

No. 3 in F. Lacking a contemporary version by a greater specialist, Koussevitzky's beautifully played, well recorded effort with the Boston Symphony is preferential to the older, less sonorous Weingartner or Walter issues. There is what may be described as the inevitable Ormandy, but what it is further need not be described.

No. 4 in E minor. Another, more reluctant, choice for Koussevitzky, based more particularly on orchestral playing and recording than on interpretative values. Two more Stokowskis and an Ormandy use up shelf room in American catalogues which might be better utilized by the Paul Kletzki-English Columbia listed in the résumé of foreign recordings.

THE OVERTURES

Academic Festival. Whether by oversight or disinterest, there has been little interest among domestic companies in new issues of this work, or its partner noted below. A Walter performance, dating back all of ten years ago to the Vienna Philharmonic, is the best that the market provides.

Tragia. There is nothing but virtue in Toscanini's performance of this music with the BBC Orchestra, but it is housed in a set with the first symphony of Beethoven, an early instance of that disagreeable tendency among manufacturers — which, unfortunately, has augmented since then. The parlay does present two winners, but unless the buyer is horse-minded, he will hardly welcome the allusion. The Beecham and Stock performances are worthy competitors, but not successful ones.

IMPORTS

Aside from the fourth symphony directed by Kletzki, there are few European issues of Brahms which promise superior value for those who will tolerate the additional price. The several that may be mentioned favorably are a Solomon version of the second concerto (HMV) which would, in any case, lack the Toscanini treatment of the orchestral score which is the special distinction among all the other editions; and a Ginette Neveu playing of the violin concerto (HMV). Otherwise, there is an old but still representative playing by Wilhelm Bachaus of the first concerto, surprisingly resonant in sound (HMV); a Von Beinum third symphony on English Decca, which is powerful, but not preferable to the domestic Koussevitzky; and a miscellany of fourth symphonies of which the best, as noted earlier, is the Kletzki. Bruno Walter, with the BBC, Karl Böhm, with the Saxon State (HMV owns this now), Karl Rankl (EDA), and Victor de Sabata (Polydor) are the others.

I. K.

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New treasures

Ballet, symphony, opera . . .
there's music for every mood
in these superb new
Red Seal recordings!

BEECHAM
Brigg Fair: An English Rhapsody—Delius. Conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. DM-1206, $3.50; DV-14 (non-breakable records), $5.00.

BERGLUND
Blick' ich umher; Wie Todesahnung and *O Du mein holder Abendstern* from "Tannhäuser"—Wagner. With orchestra conducted by Leo Blech. 12-0185, $1.25.

DEFAUW
Rédemption (Poème Symphonique)—Franck. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Record 12-0187, $1.25.

FIEDLER
conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra *Matinées Musicales (Second Suite of Five Movements from Rossini)*—Britten. Album DM-1204, $4.00. *The Gypsy Baron: Overture*—Johann Strauss, Jr. 12-0188, $1.25. *Die Fledermaus: Overture*—Johann Strauss, Jr. 12-0189, $1.25.

GRANDJANY
Concerto in B-flat, Op. 4, No. 6 (for harp and orchestra)—Handel. *Aria and Rigaudon*—Kirchoff. *Soeur Monique*—Couperin. *Pavane et Bransles*—Francisque. Jean Paul Morel conducting the RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra. DM-1201, $4.75.

KOUSSEVITZKY
Rapsodie Espagnole (Spanish Rhapsody)—Ravel. With the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Album DM-1200, $3.50.

LEHMANN
Der Kranz—Schmidt-Brahms, *Der Schmied*—Uhland-Brahms and *Feldeinsamkeit*—Allmer-Brahms. Paul Ulanowsky at the piano. 10-1405, $1.

MAYNOR
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Mountain)—Müller-Schubert. George Schick, piano; David Oppenheim, clarinet obbligato. 12-0186, $1.25.

MONTEUX
Antar Symphony—Rimsky-Korsakoff. Conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Album DM-1203, $4.75.

STOKOWSKI
Music from the ballet, *The Sleeping Beauty*—Tchaikovsky. Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. DM-1205, $8.75; DV-16 (non-breakable records), $13.25.

STRAVINSKY
Divertimento from the ballet, "The Fairy's Kiss"—Stravinsky. With the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. DM-1202, $4.75.

WARREN
None But the Lonely Heart—Tchaikovsky (English lyrics by Arthur Westbrook) and *Because*—Edward Teschemacher-d'Hardelot. Willard Sektberg at the piano. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Record 10-1406, $1.

Prices include Federal excise tax and are subject to change without notice. ("DM" and "DV" albums also available in manual sequence at $1.00 extra.)

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RCA VICTOR RECORDS

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Reviews of the Month

Some of the rising names among the younger generation of musicians have a prominent place in this month's budget of recordings. Richard Tucker, for example, is the tenor of Columbia's "Bohème," the second complete opera to be made at the Metropolitan; Leonard Bernstein is the conductor of Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat"; Polyna Stoska sings Strauss, Korngold, and Weber, and Shura Cherkassky, still youthful though he made records twenty years ago, has graduated to an album of Liszt "Rhapsodies."

Metropolitian "Boheme"

PUCCINI: *"La Bohéme," with Bidu Sayao, Richard Tucker, Francesco Valentino, Nicola Moscona, Mimi Benzell, and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Giuseppe Antonicelli.* (Columbia albums Nos. MOP27, $18.95.)

Columbia's affiliation with the house of Johnson has given us a good reproduction of a Metropolitan performance of Bohème," whereas most of us would prefer, merely, a reproduction of a good performance of "Bohème." It should be the province of the phonograph to preserve a *better* level of work than prevails in a commercial, repertory theatre; if you accept that standard, and then debase it further by choosing only the singers available to a given recording company, the results must be a compromise with artistic effort. This "Bohème" is the usual collection of unbalanced elements that the Metropolitan offers these days, and not the best of those either.

Sayao is capable of a charming Mimi, but her singing is vocally fragile, especially in the conversational or ensemble portions of the score. Tucker is a strong-voiced singer with a future in this role, but he hasn't mastered it to the extent, yet, that one cares to live with his conception. (Both the "Racconto" and the final duet of the first act are transposed the conventional half step down). Marcello can be a role for fine singing, but Valentino's voice is dry and throaty, his manner thoroughly routine. Similarly, the work of Benzell.

At bottom, however, the heaviest liability is the conducting of Giuseppe Antonicelli. Given these elements, a conductor of outstanding ability could have coordinated them in a useful way; but, either for lack of effort or capacity, the end product is quite undistinguished. This includes some mucilaginous tempi in the early acts, and little real subtlety at any time. Columbia has managed its recording with good clarity, but the sound could have more brilliance.

Recording "Bohème": Before . . .

Fancy and Finger Work

LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsodies (Nos. 5, 6, 11, and 15). Shura Cherkassky, piano.* (Vox album 175, $3.94.)

Evenly divided between the reflective and the flamboyant, these pieces are full of fancy and finger work. Cherkassky is not lacking in either respect, for the fancy is well within the range that he can encompass as handily, and there is little finger work of any kind which would overtax him. Some of this is of a brilliance —Nos. 11 and 15 especially—which would make one think of Horowitz, were it not inevitably followed by another passage blurred and indistinct. The suggestion is, simply, that Cherkassky didn't work at each side long enough to get perfect results, though such results were well within his grasp. Some of the single-finger runs are amazing in clarity and crispness.

The album is an addition to the recorded piano literature, for only one of the four has been treated in recent years (No. 15 by Sandor, on Columbia) and the Vox reproduction is superior to the older issues. The listener who prefers the Liszt of the quieter "Years of Pilgrimage" is advised to sample Nos. 5 and 6 before passing up the whole collection, for these are thoroughly attractive, without too much filigree. Ten-inch discs are used, and only in the fifteenth is the short side a disadvantage. Cherkassky might well work up the others of the series, for he clearly has a flair for the style.

"Street Scene" to Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Sein wir Wieder Gut" ("Ariadne"), also excerpts from "Die Tote Stadt" and "Der Freischütz." Polyna Stoska, soprano, with orchestra directed by Max Rudolf.* (Columbia album 294X, $3.50.)

The demands on an American who aspires to an operatic career being what they are, it is hardly surprising that Miss Stoska's only previous appearance on records was in the "Street Scene" album of a year ago. However, even before that she had made the success in "Ariadne auf Naxos," which is commemorated here by the so-called "Composer's" air. Miss Stoska sings it cleanly, clearly, but also rather carefully—which is not quite the prescription for Strauss.

There is, however, one side of quite remarkable singing by Miss Stoska, which shows what she might eventually achieve, could she organize all her abilities at the same time. That is a version of "Marietta's Lied" from Korngold's "Tote Stadt." It is not only remarkable vocal work, but possessed of fine mood, too. Unfortunately, the album contains a version of the long scene and aria from "Freischütz" which might better have been omitted. There is an academic respect for the style, and a sincere effort to deliver it vocally; but Miss Stoska has not yet the technical security nor the emotional control to make a durable record. Rudolf supports her capably, especially in the Korngold music, and the recording is acceptable enough.

Mozartian Clarity

MOZART: *Symphony in G minor (No. 40). Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album CU1, $7.)

Reiner's reputation as an orchestral disciplinarian and a musical showman is not the kind to predispose one to his performance of so reflective a work as this, but such preconceptions about a conductor's work are not always valid. If it has not the insuperably personal quality of Toscanini's G minor—which, however, did not appeal especially to me—it has a true and deep relationship to the essential Mozart. There is not the profundity of Beecham's conception, either,

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but something intrinsically musical in the clarity and detail of Reiner's feeling, for every element of the score comes through.

Surprisingly, too, the Pittsburgh orchestra delivers a performance that attests to the productive work Reiner has done in his ten years there. There is meticulous attention to minute details of phrasing and articulation, a fine caress from the violins for the melodic privileges granted to them. Since the recording is notably successful, this version of the G minor has the most balanced merits of any now available. Columbia has used vinylite here for the first time, and aside from the inevitable clicks, with considerable skill.

IRVING KOLODIN.

Classic "Neo-Classicism"

STRAVINSKY: *"Octet" and "Histoire du Soldat." Leonard Bernstein conducting members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Victor album* 1197, $6.)

These two choice works are customarily associated since both are scored for highly imaginative combinations of approximately the same size, falling between chamber orchestra and small standard chamber groups. But still another parallel exists. Each is a milestone in Stravinsky's evolution towards what is called, for want of a better rubric, "neo-classicism." Thus, along with the many purely auditory delights this album offers, there is crucial evidence to invalidate the hackneyed claim that Stravinsky's recent style is an arbitrary and abrupt about-face.

"L'Histoire du Soldat" (1918) shares with "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre" a preoccupation with effects — among them the astonishing inspirations of new instrumental couplings and

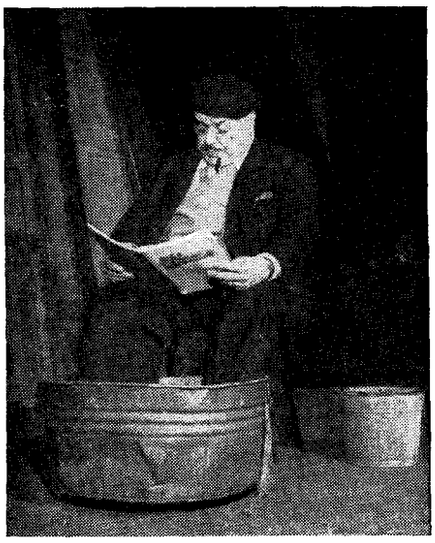
. . . during . . .

wholly personal, precipitously truncated rhythms. The extraordinary acuteness to sonorous nuance is related to Debussy's method, but the tense character of the ideas in all of these works, as well as their rigid organization, were, in their time, provocatively new. This organization leans heavily on *ostinato* — an "obstinately" repeated fragment, with no change of pitch on repetition, like the primitive man's beating of the drum. (Indeed, the percussionist plays a prominent role in "Soldat," closing the work with a solo that is a highly sophisticated version of tribal, ceremonial drums.)

At the same time, "Soldat" marks an abandonment of Stravinsky's previous hyper-nationalism. The opening violin solo, a recurring *leit-motif,* is based on a Russian tune, but its indigenous character is not stressed. Rather, the work models itself after the international, classical suite, with its popular dances of various nations. Here we have tango, waltz, ragtime, marches, and (in the "Marche Royale") pasodoble.

But not until emphasis on fragmentary devices gives way to long, undulating, organic lines does Stravinsky emerge as classicist. This emergence is gloriously heralded by the "Octet for Wind Instruments" (1923). A piquancy of material, biting instrumental colors, wonderfully exhilarating youthfulness, and even a refined sense of vernacular (a bit of ragtime is in the octet, too) are common to both works. But in the octet, they are part of abstract configurations, beautifully molded along classical proportions and finally liberated from dependenece on theatre, which had been the instigation for most of his previous works, including "Soldat," a piece for narrator and dancer. In the octet, too, ostinatos are rarer, the material developing more progressively. It is music of sheer joy, the like of which we have not had since Mozart's divertimentos, and, after the manner of Mozart, it is not without its cogent moments of contrasting pathos.

Leonard Bernstein, with all his extraordinary gifts and force as conductor and his address with modern music, with the assistance of members of the superb Boston Symphony, and with the most recent resources of recording at his command, had a menacing shadow hovering over him when he undertook the present project. The earlier versions of these works, conducted by Stravinsky and reinforced by the lofty traditions of French wind-playing (Columbia records now unpardonably out of print), were among the gems of recorded literature from almost every point of



. . . and after.

view. Bernstein has not altogether met the challenge.

His conducting is vibrant and sure, the individual players are sometimes better than in the French recording (Richard Burgin, the admirable violinist, for example) and the reproduction is technically fine. But several tempos are too slow and deliberate, and the sound is more symphonic than peaked, crisp, and sparse, as it is in Stravinsky's recordings—the percussion in particular is too often resonant, rather than dry and hollow, as it should be here. The retarded pace in the variations of the octet is altogether out of character, and there is something drastically wrong with the relation of timbres and pitches in the final percussion solo of "Soldat," giving a far less subtle effect than Stravinsky intends.

In a few instances, Stravinsky has used tempos and nuances in his recordings that deviate from the scores, printed previously. But the composer has, in his autobiography, extolled the phonograph as a heaven-sent means for a composer to perpetuate his specific intentions. And surely he has the human right to alter a tempo after hearing his work several times in performance. The masters have always done this. It is indeed sad, and also very curious, that Bernstein, with all his enthusiasm for modern music, and Stravinsky in particular, should not have consulted the composer or his recordings for his latest interpretative wishes. For this would have given authority to an album that is, in many other respects, well prepared and executed.

ARTHUR V. BERGER.

Arthur V. Berger is a composer and critic who has written for various musical publications. He is a member of the New York Herald Tribune's *music staff.*

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 62 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Anderson: "Chicken Reel," "Fiddle Faddle." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 10-1397, $1	To reject these pieces is to run the risk of being labeled "without a sense of humor," but the only thing funny about them is that they are played by the Boston "Pops." Leroy Anderson is a clever orchestrator, but the musical treatment is otherwise too banal for my taste.
Bach: "Prelude and Fugue in E flat," other works. E. Power Biggs, organist. Columbia album 728, $7.25	There is nothing but grandeur in this repertory—which also includes the "Giant" fugue in D minor, and the G minor fantasia and fugue, but the organ of St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University is not my idea of a suitable instrument for recording purposes. It has much too indistinct a sound, so far as tonal definition is concerned, and the time lag is such that the vibrations continue for a second or two after the player has stopped. Since this is perceptible at the end of a side, its effect on the music as it is being played must be obvious. The style of the playing is Biggsian, which means that it is sober and thoroughgoing, and also a bit dull. Perhaps it is the instrument, but the impression throughout is more of a chore than an act of recreation. The G minor work is the most satisfactory here.
Brahms: "Sonata in D minor." Isaac Stern, violin, and Alexander Zakin, piano. Columbia album 730, $4.75	Well-articulated Brahms, strong in outline, considerate in detail. I'd not sacrifice the previous Columbia issue by Szigeti and Egon Petri for it—there were some remarkable subtleties in that playing—but it has more Brahmsian qualities than any performance since. Stern does especially well in the adagio, but it is solid, musicianly work all the way through. Uncommonly clear, well-balanced recording.
Bizet: "L'Arlesienne" suite. National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sidney Beer. English Decca album EDA 42, $7.35	This issue is described on the cover as "Suites Nos. 1 and 2" but only the "Farandole" of the second suite is included. High-fidelity recording is not enough here, for Beer is too heavy a hand with this music for improved recording to efface the memory of what Beecham, for one, or Stokowski, for another, have done with it.
Faure: Twelve Songs. Isobel French, soprano, Olympia Napoli, mezzo-soprano, and Paul Doguereau, piano. Technichord album T-7, $7.93.	About the sole interest in this collection is the addition to the domestic catalogue of such fine songs as "Lydia," "Mandoline," "Spleen," "Arpège," "Aurore," "Prison," "Larmes," and "Nell." However, the French voice is too quavery for proper service to the music, though she has a superior conception of its character. Moreover, Miss Napoli, who is presented as her protege, duplicates the less desirable traits of her mentor, without the subtlety. The recording is fair, nothing more.
Glinka: "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia No. 19010, $1	Robust performance, though the energy is more the product of muscle than mind. It can be played with a livelier spirit than Ormandy has found for it. Also, the use of a ten-inch record means that it must be interrupted half-way through. It can, and has been, done on a single twelve-inch side.
Hindemith: "Sonata No. 2" and Mozart "Sonata in A minor" (K.310). Jacques Abram, piano. Musicraft album 89, $4.05	More credit for Abram here in Hindemith than Mozart, for the older music has more to say than can be conveyed by finger-work alone. Hindemith's vacuities are well polished by Abram, and the piano reproduction in both is first class.
Khatchaturian: "Gayne Ballet," Suite No. 2. Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album X292, $3.50	Further nuggets from the gold-mine which Columbia has staked out for its own. I don't note any among these, however, which promise to yield as much ore as the "Sabre Dance" of the first suite. "Russian Dance" and "Fire" are two of the titles ("Andante" and "Gayne's Adagio" are the others) and the material is conventional Khatchaturian, without as much original flavor as the more striking things of the first suite. Kurtz, who may become famous as the first Khatchaturian specialist in this country, does his work with vigor, and the Philharmonic sounds very well in this recording.
Mendelssohn: "Concerto in E minor." Mischa Elman, violin with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Desiré Defauw. Victor album 1196, $6	To label anything a "typical" performance of the artist involved is dubious practice, but an accurate summation here of the qualities Elman brings to this music. The tone is big, the technical manipulation suave, the attack vigorous; but there is little refinement or sophistication of style in Elman's concept of Mendelssohn. One would have thought that this kind of egocentric concerto playing would have passed from favor, but if company policy requires it, the listener can only be referred to the far superior musicianship of Nathan Milstein in a Columbia version with Bruno Walter. Defauw follows where Elman leads, which is no service to the composer. Big resonant recording, and gritty surfaces. The Elman tone is more expressive in an odd-side "Song without Words" ("May Breezes") in a Kreisler arrangement! Wolfgang Rose is the pianist for this.
Mompou: "Jeunes Filles au Jardin." Guiomar Novaes, piano. Columbia 17522, $1	An engaging little work by the gifted Brazilian, played by Novaes with consummate taste. Phillipp's "Feux-Follets" twinkles brightly under the Novaes fingers on the reverse.
Sibelius: "En Saga." Victor de Sabata conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. English Decca album EDA 49, $7.35	Big, powerful effects from de Sabata, in an excellent example of ffrr (full frequency range recording). The playing is more notable for drama than poetry, but it has the virtue of being the only "En Saga" that can be purchased separately, for the Beecham issue is included in a Sibelius miscellany with several other works. The odd-side "Valse Triste" might better have been spared in favor of some less-recorded work. IRVING KOLODIN.

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Some Highs and Lows

TO SUPPRESS OR NOT TO SUPPRESS?

IF YOU are prepared to acquire a really fancy amplifier on which to base your home separate-unit phonograph and are willing to procure comparably fancy equipment in the way of a speaker and cabinet, as well as a wide-range magnetic pickup, your best bet is to go the whole hog and purchase one of a number of expensive and beautifully designed amplifiers, the so-called "laboratory" type, which have recently invaded the non-professional field. These new units, selling for prices between two hundred and three hundred dollars or more, offer top-quality components and the finest types of electronic design, thanks in part to the very considerable competition that has developed between various manufacturers and designers in the last year or so.

Interest among sound engineers in these units is currently intense, with arguments back and forth as to relative values. (I have been amused at the highly emotional opinions, pro and con, that our supposedly stoical friends the engineers display in discussing relative merits of their products! Musicians—yes: we expect temperament in music. Yet with all their meters and scopes, these engineers are as highly strung as the most long-haired of musical virtuosi and as prone to fruitless black-and-white disagreements.) What counts most for the home user may seem trivial to the expert: such matters as arrangement and labeling of controls, simplicity of connections, and even exterior finish. Here the fancy sets differ considerably. But the most fundamental decision that must be made is whether to use one of three currently available amplifiers that include the Scott dynamic noise suppressor.

The Scott suppressor is still a highly controversial item and I'm not yet prepared to give a final answer as to its desirability. But after considerable experience I find myself in line against those engineers who think it is, as they graphically put it, "a piece of junk!" It is hardly that. I recommend the amplifier - with - suppressor for any listener who is ready and eager to make use of the flexibility of control — in the suppressor and aside from it—that is to be found in all expensive amplifiers. For those who want the best, but want it strictly out of sight and out of mind, the suppressor is definitely *not* recommended. It is a device that requires active attention. It is "dynamic"—its action constantly changes with changes in the sound it controls—but it is not *automatic*. Its proper use requires intelligence and alertness, and, initially, much experiment. Wrongly used, it is as destructive as an automobile with an unskilled driver. For even halfway good results you must expect to readjust the controls critically for every new album of records, and often from side to side of an album. There is and can be no one simplified setting. (Otherwise adjustable controls would be unnecessary in the first place.) Most criticism of the Scott suppressor so far, is, in my opinion, the result of flagrantly wrong use of its potentialities, and especially gross over-use of the suppressing circuits. (For best results they should actually be inoperative a large part of the time.)

For those who want a minimum of fuss and feathers, of the three currently available suppressor-amplifiers the Scott is recommended first, as the most compact, the simplest, the least gadgety. The fact that the suppressor's highly intelligent inventor has designed it is clearly in its favor. However, Avery Fisher's amplifier, with basic controls not essentially different, offers a bit more complexity (and flexibility), plus two tuning eyes, visual indication of the workings of both bass and treble elements in the suppressor. For the curious-minded (myself included) the tuning eye action is most interesting and serves as a useful visual aid to the process of aural education one must go through in the learning stage. (The Goodell amplifier has a similar double tuning eye.) The Fisher comes on two separate chassis. Both Fisher and Scott amplifiers have clearly marked controls on a front panel. The Goodell amplifier has the trivial but noticeable disadvantage of a lack of markings, thus requiring the user to memorize the various positions. Petty, but irritating. In all three amplifiers the suppressor section involves two controls with various positions on each, and the relation between these and their differing function is by no means easy to master, even for a trained engineer, in terms of sound actually heard. The buyer must be ready to experiment for days or weeks before passing judgment—but once the personal touch is perfected, I am convinced that the Scott suppressor (it may always be cut out of the circuit) is a valuable stand-by aid to have available in a top-quality home amplifier. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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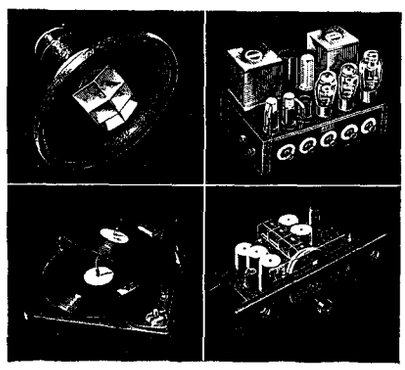

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"Babar Stories," Frank Luther. *Decca record DU90009.*
Bible Story Adventures, two stories per album including David and Goliath, The Healing of Naaman, The Queen Who Saved Her People, and Daniel in the Lion's Den. Narrated by Wendell P. Loveless. *Singspiration Album.*
"Bunky the Monkey in Yellowstone Park." Clayton Collyer, narrator, music by Ted Dale. *Silvertone record No. 43.*
"Chug-Chug the Talking Engine in Lollypop Town," "Whizzer the Talking Airplane," and "Little People's Band in Forestland," singing and talking sound by Sonovox. *Jackalee albums CH101A, W1333, and L1147.*
"Hansel and Gretel," Junior Opera Program Company, Victor orchestra under the direction of Nathaniel Shilkret. *Victor album Y-610.*
"Joey the Jeep," narrated by Gloria Swanson. *Willida record WR-2.*
"Little Willie the Leader of the Band," narrated by June Winters, written and produced by Hugh E. Perrette. *Mayfair record K115A.*
"Manners Can Be Fun," Frank Luther, *Decca record DU-90010.*
"Mike-ing History," two albums recreating events in eye-witness style including Signing of the Declaration of Independence, The Trojan Horse, Patrick Henry's Liberty Speech, and The Defeat of the Spanish Armada. *Packaged Programs Album.*
Mr. Rumple Bumple Series, narrated by Howard Hoffman. Four albums including Wallie the Walrus, Goldy the Goldfish, and Bertie the Bluebird. *Packaged Programs Album.*
"Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," and "Little Red Riding Hood," Milton Cross and supporting cast. Music and lyrics by Molly Donaldson and Madge Tucker. *Caravan records C-1, C-2, and C-3.*
"Robin Hood," Junior Opera Program Company directed by Saul Lancort. *Victor album Y-609.*
Spike Jones Plays His Kind of Nonsense —Music for Children, Spike Jones and his City Slickers including Old MacDonald, Chloe, Hawaiian War Chant, et al. *Victor album Y-359.*
"Story of the Toy Village," narrated by Julie Haydon. *Willida record WR-7.*
"The Comedy of Errors," narrator, Charles Coburn, Harold Stokes' orchestra. *Victor album Y-608.*
"The Farewell Symphony No. 45 in F Sharp Minor," by Franz Josef Haydn. Academy of Music series, Erich Leinsdorf conducting symphony orchestra. Deems Taylor commentator. *Pilot album DA 302.*
"The Fox and the Grapes," starring Dick Powell as narrator in the first in the Peter Pilot series. *Pilot record.*
"The Holberg Suite, Opus 40" by Edvard Grieg, Academy of Music Series. Symphony orchestra conducted by Rudolf Ganz. Deems Taylor, commentator. *Pilot album DA 301.*
The Story of Jesus and Principal Catholic Prayers and Hymns. Twelve record album approved by the Catholic Church, presenting dramatized stories of the Bible from the Nativity through the Resurrection and Ascension and a choir presenting Church hymns. *Catholic Children's Record Club Album.*
"Tiny Harmonica at Carnegie Hall," harmonica quintet with orchestra. *Willida record WR-3.*
"What Makes Rain," Leonard Jay. *Decca record DU-90019.*

HITS AND MISSES

BY NOW there must be many couples approaching, or having achieved, grandparenthood who first got enmeshed with each other to the music of Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. Lombardo, in the long meantime, has not changed his musical gambit a jot. The durability of his wares is something to ponder—twenty-odd years of the same trembling, *vox humana* saxophone work, the same light trimmings of muted brass and trombone obbligato, the same tiddely-poop rhythms which have made the band such an easy mark for musical satirists like Spike Jones. What does the abiding popularity of this musical root beer mean about the taste of the band's public? We would rather not press the point. And then along comes a new Lombardo album called "Latin Rhythms" (Decca 612, $3.94) in which the band, playing beguines and rhumbas, is perforce separated from its customarily cute rhythmic habits, and this situation allows certain assets of the band to be evident. Chief among them is the fact that the Royal Canadians are, after all, a modest combination; Lombardo has never either found it or felt it necessary to augment his forces in order to succeed; there are no egregious hosts of brass or reed, but only a few representatives of each department. This in itself is a relief in these days of overstuffed orchestras and orchestrations; and, furthermore, the Royal Canadians' modesty is, in this case, applied to some exceptionally fine tunes, including Cole Porter's "Franggee-Pahnee" and "Begin the Beguine," Kurt Weill's "Speak Low," and the resurgent "Valencia." All in all, a pleasant musical occasion, and we are glad to pay this belated tribute.

The Royal Canadians have even less to do with the Dominion to the north than Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians have with the university which suggested their name. Waring has at least kept about him a definite air of academe, if not of the rugged institution on the Schuylkill. The seat of learning suggested by Waring's music is a vast and moony coeducational college largely devoted to massed singing by picked voices from fraternity and sorority row. I can see them, ranged in the spring night on the steps of Heustace J. Leatherbee Hall, the girls in diaphanous white, the boys' badges flashing, and their newest offering is an album of "Harold Arlen Songs" (Decca 552, $3.15). Arlen is certainly one of our most accomplished song writers, but this department has never had the feeling that the sentiments of "My Shining Hour," "I've Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," or "Stormy Weather" were intended for large choirs from Kappa Kappa Gamma and DKE. But for those who like their intimacies served en masse, here are Fred Waring's expert singers, male and female, in rather overpowering glee clubbery.

For some months now we have been seeking an opportunity to recommend the technically superb recording of the imported London Full Range discs—in the popular field they remind one of the general superiority of English classical recording techniques. This month, however, there is a worthy album of songs by Beryl Davis (London LA9, $3.15), recorded during the war when she enjoyed great popularity with the American forces in Europe. Some of the numbers are classics, "I Cried for You," "Confessin'," and "Blue Skies," and Miss Davis is subtly assisted by the French violinist Stephane Grappelly, one of the few men who can strikingly syncopate the instrument.

A thoroughgoing contrast, in almost every respect, is offered by Judy Garland in an album from the sound track of the new Cole Porter cinema, "The Pirate" (M-G-M 21, $3.15). The singing is insufferably forced, with a vibrato which would dissolve a cliff; the recording is shrill, and the distinguished composer was apparently far off his feed.

Coming to pleasanter matters, there is now available a musical celebration of "Cincinnati," the town being extolled in jump rhythm by a vigorous singer named Martha Davis, who may also be the authoress of the fine piano solos involved. We have never visited the home of Robert Taft, but heartily approve this bulletin on the subject (Decca 24335A, 79¢). Frank Sinatra presents that splendid bit of Gershwin, "I've Got a Crush on You," in excellent style, together with a touching Polish specialty, "Ever Homeward" (Columbia 38151, 75¢). Bing Crosby does an agreeable beguine, "Suspense," by his old colleague of Rhythm Boys days, Al Rinker (Decca 24269B, 79¢), and Crosby may also be caught in the act of "Happy Birthday to You," and "Auld Lang Syne" (Decca 24273A, 79¢). This comes strictly under the heading of Decca-misses-no-tricks and is noted here merely for history's sake.

WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

DURING those few years in the early 1940's when Hitler and his cohorts suffered the delusion that the war was all but won, Nazi industry continued to operate strictly on a "business-as-usual" basis. German record companies, no exception to this rule, kept adding rich monthly supplements to their already enviable catalogues, and from time to time through that collectors' grapevine which even total war could not disrupt, news would reach our shores of impressive German recording ventures. Not the least of these was a wartime waxing by the Electrola company of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," the mere details of which were sufficient to bring forth exultant hosannas from the most languid record collector. The choir was that of Bach's own St. Thomas Church in Leipzig, and the band that same Gewandhaus Orchestra which under Felix Mendelssohn's direction participated in the famous revival performances a century ago. To complement these venerable ensembles were added solo singers of a caliber rarely assembled for performances of church music: Tiana Lemnitz, Friedel Beckmann, Karl Erb, and Gerhard Hüsch.

English HMV has chosen this version of the "Matthew Passion," made by an affiliated company, as the first German wartime recording to be accorded world distribution. It is now available in American import shops (HMV DB6516/31). But I feel obliged to dampen the enthusiasm of those Bach collectors who may already be reaching for their hats. It will take no more than the first chorus, "Kommt, ihr Töchter," to convince them that this interpretation reads better on the labels than it sounds through the loudspeaker. Such sloppy choral singing and orchestral playing, such waverings of pitch and tamperings with tempo, such prosaic, unsubtle musicianship cannot be ignored no matter how hallowed the executants' reputations. Can Leipzig always have done such disservice to its illustrious cantor, or is this recording merely an awful testimony of the disservice done to German musical standards by totalitarian racial and political intolerance? I lean to the second explanation, preferring to look upon it as a temporary aberration in a notable cultural tradition.

These uncharitable remarks, let me hasten to add, apply only to the chorus and orchestra. The solo singers do much to raise the artistic level. But even with them we are in for disappointments. Karl Erb, musical though he is, slips into that dry ecclesiastical whine which so often plagues the singer of church music, and Tiana Lemnitz, the ravishing Pamina of a happier recording, lacks somewhat the limpid voice quality and easy assurance of her earlier discs. To end this catalogue of complaints it is necessary to add that the records have a constricted and forced sound, far from the spacious realism we have come to expect in 1948 vintage productions. This "almost complete" version of the "Matthew Passion" is a distinct improvement over the much criticized Victor recording conducted by Koussevitsky, but collectors might do well to await the arrival of two other imported versions.

Two pieces of chamber music written in the same key could hardly be more dissimilar than Brahms's "String Quartet Opus 51, No. 2" and Ravel's "Trio in A Minor," the one steeped in an easy mellow romanticism, the other in restrained almost acerbic neoclassicism. Both are now available in welcome new recordings from England. The Brahms work is played by the Busch Quartet (English Columbia LX 1022/25) in a virile yet finely nuanced interpretation which successfully avoids many obvious temptations to sentimentalize. There is added pleasure in hearing a chamber music recording whose tonal brilliance has not been achieved at the expense of intimacy. Trio di Trieste is the euphonious title of the ensemble recording Ravel's Trio (English HMV C 3607/09). Lacking as it does the fetching glitter of a work like "Rapsodie Espagnole," this score does not gain immediate converts, but its complex, mature musical thought deserves closer acquaintance.

ROLAND GELATT.

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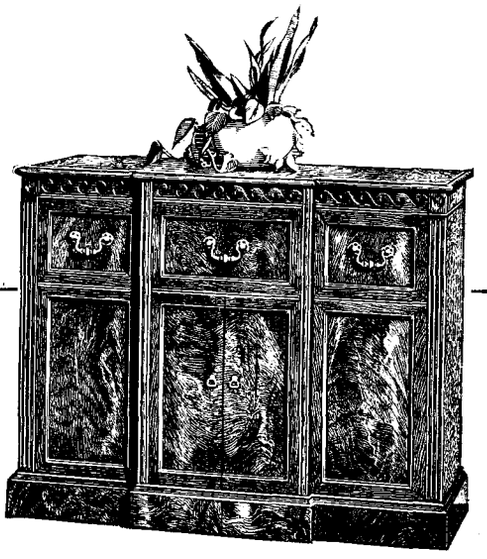
ADD-A-PART

A WELCOME reappearance on the market has been made recently by the Add-a-Part recordings which were a healthy development of the late Thirties, until war shortages caused their suspension. "Healthy" for the specific reason that they turned the passive pleasures of the phonograph into an active agency of help to persons not content merely with listening. For the student, the teacher, and the industrious amateur they made practice and teaching time far more useful than in the past.

For those who may have forgotten or overlooked the Add-a-Part series, it may be noted that they were ingenious "accompaniment" records by which a singer could practise his performance to the piano-playing on a disc, or a violinist enjoy the measures of a string quartet without waiting on the pleasure of a group of friends.

Among the intelligent aids to the home performer are the inclusion of a printed score in the album, a clear indication of pitch at the beginning of the record, and a preparatory tempo to settle that important matter before the performance begins. It is beyond the power of the accompanying players to anticipate what an individual will want to add in the way of personal expression to the playing, but these records care for practically anything that can be anticipated. Presumably there will be additions to the list if the public interest warrants, and the suggestion might be made that the material in the song category be expanded beyond the gamut of "Annie Laurie," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "Old Black Joe," with "None but the Lonely Heart" and "Songs My Mother Taught Me" as the only art songs included.

It also seems somewhat surprising that no piano parts of violin or cello sonatas are available, or violin parts for the pianist who wants to perfect himself in this kind of playing. No doubt it is something to which Fritz Rothschild, who pioneered this undertaking, and the Columbia Record Company, which sponsored it, will turn their attention in the near future. It might be well worth consideration, too, for artists of high rank to be used for some such work, for obviously the attraction of playing a violin sonata to the piano, say, of Robert Casadesus, or playing a cello accompaniment for Gregor Piatigorsky would be infinitely greater than with merely an anonymous musician of routine abilities. Nor need the artists consider this unworthy occupation for them, considering what some of them have recorded of their own volition.



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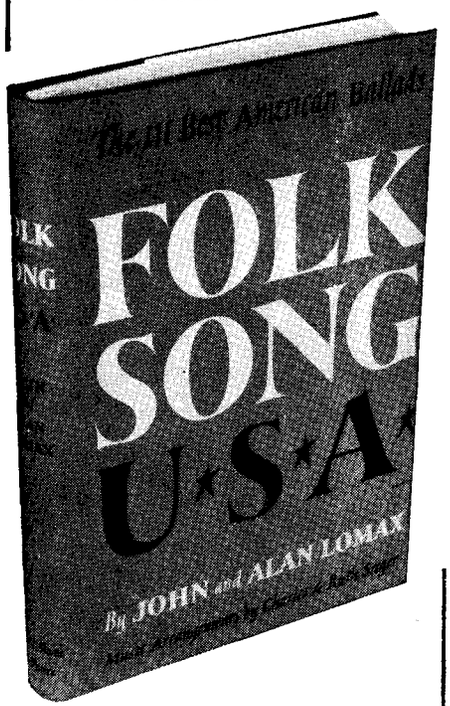

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Basie, Count: "Piano Rhythms." Victor album P 200, $4	Deft finger work by the inimitable piano stylist, whose personal abilities are more interesting than the orchestra with which he is associated these days. Included are such originals as "Swingin' the Blues," "Back Stage at Stuff's," and "Basie's Basement," in addition to treatments of "My Buddy," "Shine on Harvest Moon." "I Never Knew," and "Sugar." Commendable enterprise by Victor to offer eight sides of Basiana, even if the quality of them is variable.
Brown, Les: "I Bring You Spring." Columbia 38164, 75¢	One of the better big bands still active, in a pair of plausible tunes. "Please Don't Kiss Me," from "A Lady from Shanghai," is the companion piece, and both have vocals from a promising singer named Eileen Wilson.
Como, Perry: "You Can Do No Wrong." Victor 20-2784, 75¢	A Cole Porter tune from "The Pirate," teamed with a partner effort from the same score, "Love of My Life." Neither is a landmark for the famous tunester, but Como gets considerably more from them than Judy Garland does in the excerpts from the sound-track noted on page 59. Russ Case does his usual expert work with the orchestral accompaniments.
Crosby, Bing: Excerpts from "Oklahoma!," "Song of Norway," "Annie Get Your Gun," etc. Decca album 648, $3.94	A final fillip of glory for these cosmic successes, in which Crosby versions of "People Will Say We're in Love," "They Say It's Wonderful," and "I Love You" are preserved as they were recorded by the great man when the shows were new. "If I Love You" from "Carousel" should be noted as an inclusion, for the anti-Sinatra faction.
Crosby, Bing: "Pinetop's Boogie," etc. Decca album 634, $3.94	More of the versatile Crosby, this time in rhythm numbers in association with Louis Jordan, Lionel Hampton, Eddie Heywood, etc., who appeal to the earlier instincts of Der Bingle, when he was a member of the Whiteman ensemble. Mostly successful, but also notable for a lethargic bit called "That Little Dream Got Nowhere."
Herman, Woody: "Story of a Starry Night." Decca 25351, 79¢	Three of the composers of this are named on the label—but not the important fourth: P. I. Tchaikovsky. ASCAP will hardly make an issue of it, in any case. On the other hand, it is the Herman talent which makes it an issue worth mentioning here.
Lee, Peggy: "A Rendezvous with." Capitol album CC 72, $3.12	A series of subtle vocalizations by the current favorite—on a basis of her best-selling "Mañana"—with the helpful arrangements of Dave Barbour. They are mostly familiar, but the odd item—"Don't Smoke in Bed"—has some technical tricks which make it more effective than its inherent qualities would suggest.
Powell, Mel: "Anything Goes" and "That Old Black Magic." Capitol 15056, 79¢	A welcome return to wax by the able pianist and arranger, best remembered for some distinctive work—in both spheres—with Benny Goodman. He has been a convalescent for some time, but these performances suggest that his health (musically, at any rate) is returning. There is much charm in the piano styling, if not so much merit in the accompanying instrumental work.
Shore, Dinah: "My Guitar" Columbia 38162, 75¢	Insinuating vocal work by the favorite singer, to accompaniments credited to the "Brazilians." With it is a tune from the Harold Arlen score for "Casbah" entitled "It Was Written in the Stars." Fine popular singing in both, without affectation or over-emphasis. In this field, that is high tribute. Also, unusually good recording.
Sinatra, Frank: "All of Me." Columbia 38163, 75¢	A heroic revival effort by Sinatra, well-sung but also embellished by some special piano effects by an unnamed collaborator. Assuming that the arrangement is by Alex Stordhal, who conducts the orchestra and usually is responsible for Sinatra's musical framework, it is a remarkable example of the freshening effect of a little harmonic ingenuity. "I Went Down to Virginia" is a junior party, in interest.
Spivak, Charlie: "The Last Thing I Want Is Your Pity." Victor 20-2777, 75¢	Despite the unpromising title, this is the work of a song-fashioner who has won respect for a number of original, unhackneyed tunes—Frank Loesser. The companion side, which presents "But None Like You," is also the product of a respectable name: Ray Noble. Spivak treats each with the orchestral respect due them, and the vocalists are the familiar Irene Day (in the Noble song) and the unfamiliar Rusty Nichols.

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CHARLIE VENTURA TRIO: *"Stompin' at the Savoy"; "Body and Soul."* (Disc 2500, 12 $1.31.)

In these recordings Disc has caught the elusive bit of passion inherent in all good jam sessions that gets you up on your feet shouting. Although the trio bears Ventura's name, there is a magnificent co-star called the Chicago Flash (for contractual reasons), who delivers a disquisition of the art of drumming that is matter for the historian. The pianist, George Walters, lends perfect support. When you hear these sides it is not beyond the realm of possibility that you will, as they say in the trade, flip. (When one flips, the upper portion of one's cranium becomes detached and, borne upward by the extreme exhilaration of the moment, floats heavenward.)

CHARLIE BARNET: *"Charlie Barnet Favorites."* (Apollo Album A-13, $3.12.)

The ellingtones of the ebullient Mad Mab showcased for the first time between album covers. Although there is a little too much shrieking, high-register whimsy about the whole thing, the band swings (and rocks) with abandon.

WILDBILL DAVISON: *"Showcase."* (Circle Album S-9, $3.90.)

A set of tunes hand-picked by the gutty cornetist that unfortunately boasts tempos medium-to-drag, neglecting his real forte of the somewhat hell-for-leather and the blues. For probably the first time in history the album notes dominate the contents. There should be some sort of ordinance passed stating that George Frazier should write the copy for at least fifty per cent of the jazz packages.

BOB WILBUR'S WILDCATS: *"New Orleans Shuffle"; "I Can't Say"; "Salty Dog"; "Snake Rag."* (Rampart Nos. 1 and 2, $1.05 ea.)

Delightful, often exciting, latter-day versions of the King Oliver and Louis Armstrong genre by a group of youngsters who have dedicated themselves to the perpetuation of traditional jazz.

BOYD RAEBURN ORCHESTRA: *"Trouble Is a Man"; "How High the Moon?"* (Atlantic 860, 79¢.)

Take note of the vocalist Ginnie Powell. On the first, an original in Alec Wilder's usual unusual manner, she deserves equal ranking with just about any of the female singers now working. Johnny Richards's ultra-modern arrangements give the session distinction. GILBERT MCKEAN.

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The Saturday Review's

Monthly Dealer Survey of Top-Selling Records in the Leading Stores of the Country

THE YOUNGER SET

IN A MEMORABLE appreciation of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece, Louis Untermeyer once wrote: "'Alice in Wonderland' is first of all a child's world. It is the fulfillment of every child's wistful dreams. It is only in dreams—and in 'Alice'—that the impossible is believable, and the unreal becomes true." To the previous recorded issues of "Alice" (by Ginger Rogers on Decca and Jane Powell on Columbia) there have recently been added two which give new phonographic life to Carroll's incomparable combination of nonsense and logic: a presentation by the American Repertory Theatre (Victor K.13, $7) and one of English origin (H.M.V.3243, 4, 5, $6).

For those who missed the production of "Alice" directed by Eva Le Gallienne, these records will be an especial pleasure. The beauty and clarity of the spoken voices, the fine dramatic delivery of such artists as Miss LeGallienne (the narrator), Bambi Linn (Alice), Margaret Webster (the Red Queen), and all the supporting cast make it a joy to hear, and recommend. Richard Addinsell's music is also highly appropriate. In this production, Victor has set a new standard for children's records.

There is much to be said, also, on the behalf of the older H.M.V. issue, in which Ann Steven's young, refreshing voice makes the character of Alice altogether believable. Whether singing or speaking, she makes quite real the illusion of the seven-year-plus child. Music of a delightful sort has been provided for the songs by W. Slaughter. The price in both instances is something to consider, but the lasting value they contain make the inroads on the musical budget justifiable.

—Zinn Arthur.

Artists like Eva LeGallienne "make 'Alice' a joy to hear."

TIPS FOR TOTS

BEETHOVEN: *"Egmont Overture."* Felix Weingartner and London Philharmonic. (Columbia No. 69687.)

DEBUSSY: *"Golliwogs Cake Walk."* Oscar Levant, piano. (Columbia No. 71637.)

DOHNANYI: *"Suite in F."* Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. (Decca.)

DUKAS: *"Sorcerer's Apprentice."* Toscanini and N. Y. Philharmonic. (Victor album 717.)

The wanderings of the itinerant "Tubby" continue, with Victor now offering the Kleinsinger creation a haven, after previous adventures with Cosmo and Decca. Here the wistful instrumentalist is beset with new problems; for in "Further Adventures of Tubby the Tuba" he is dismissed from the orchestra for insubordination, joins a band, wearies of marching, and creeps back to the musical fold a chastened tuba. Ray Middleton is the voice this time, and we can only regret that it is not Danny Kaye. As usual, the story and music are by Paul Tripp and George Kleinsinger. (Victor Y365, $2.25.)

Of briefer items there are "Peter and the Rabbit" (Decca C. U. S. $2 unbreakable), which offers such familiar and well-worn tales as "Goldilocks," "The Ant and the Grasshopper," "Fox and Grapes," "The Little Red Hen," etc. These are thumbnail sketches related by Frank Luther (without musical background) for the very young. A new Young People's Record Club issue is "Trains and Planes," an activity record that is entertaining, well-paced, and a comprehensive treatment of the subject. As we have noted previously, the Y.P.R.C. maintains a high level of quality in its successive issues, and the membership cost of $13.50 a year is an excellent investment. (This issue is numbered Y.P.R.C. 706, and is unbreakable.) Finally, in recognition of circus time, Columbia has produced something seasonal along those lines called "Come to the Circus." It is a rather pallid echo of the subject it deals with, dull in conception and distorted by insistent music. Considering the glamor of the real thing, this is an unimaginative response to the world of the "Big Top." (Columbia J 44, $1.75.)

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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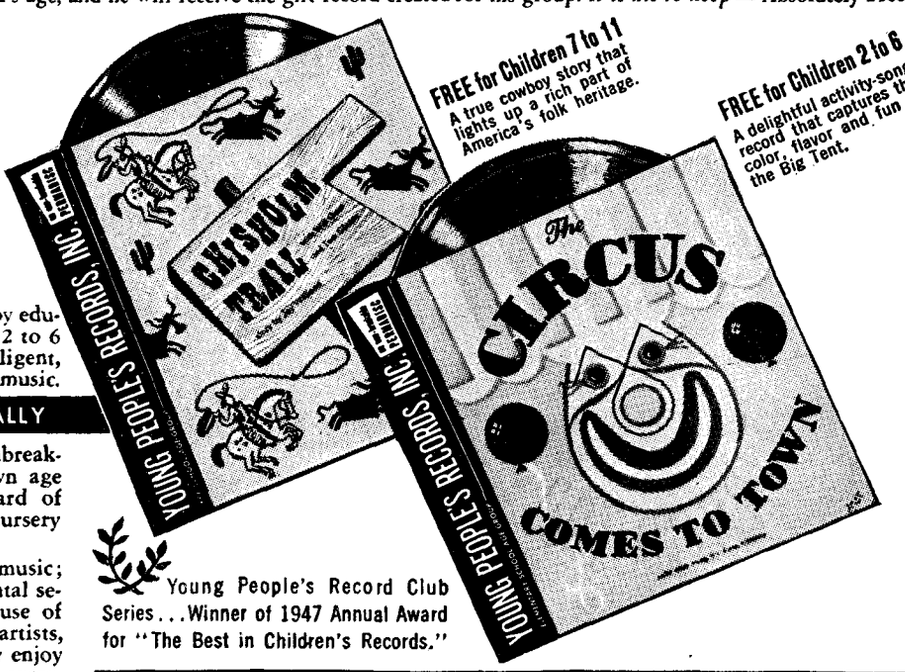
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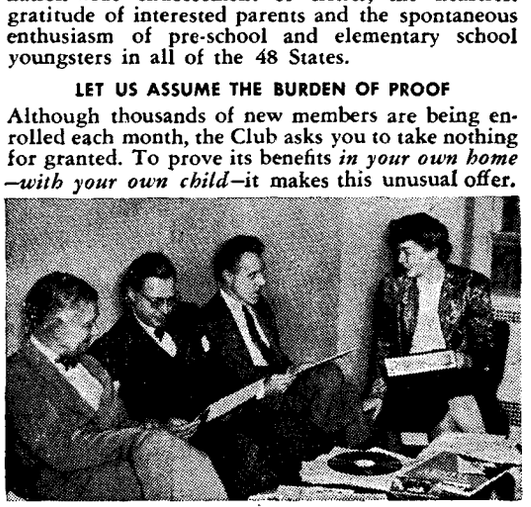

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Letter to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

"Ja So Bin Ich"

SIR: Please, *please* tell a gal record collector where Dietrich's recording of "Ja So Bin Ich" can be found. I've been looking for all the foreign recordings of Dietrich and I've had to pay outrageous prices for copies (that are awful). I've paid as high as $15 per recording. Give me a break, please.

CATHERINE H. PAUL.

Long Island, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vox has the answer, see* RECORDINGS *Oct. 25, 1947, in which Wilder Hobson reviews this reissue along with various other Dietrich sides. We can't guarantee the quality, but the price, at least, is not outrageous.*

A Knight for Toscanini

SIR: Having read your reviews in RECORDINGS with increased interest, I am suddenly obsessed with the thought that you subtly scorn Arturo Toscanini's interpretations wherever the occasion allows it—or, if this isn't entirely correct, you seem to praise other work by different conductors with hardly mentioning Toscanini. Perhaps the best example of this is the much-debated Beethoven "Violin Concerto." Now that Columbia has recorded it anew, there seem to be no parallels for Walter's interpretation. How in the world could anything be more moving, definitive, or monumental than the Heifetz-Toscanini recording?

For heaven's sake, don't assume the unpleasant attitude that Charles O'Connell has taken toward the great conductor. Such words are worthy of neither.

LOUIS M. PATTERSON.

Waterville, Maine.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It was the point of a review several months ago on the Szigeti-Walter version that the Toscanini version should be kept "because there are things to be heard, especially in Toscanini's dissection of the orchestral score, which are not likely to be heard from another performance in our time." . . . However, for persons seeking the best blend of sound and what we consider the best balanced treatment of Beethoven, Szigeti and Walter excel. We agree that a remark about the earlier version should have been included in the "Basic Library" listing of last month, but we still would have cited the newer one as preferential.*

"Gurre-Lieder"

SIR: I have heard rumors that Victor is planning on reinstating and reissuing Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder" and wondered if you could offer any positive information on such action. Rumor or not, I (and several other collectors I know) would consider it most fortunate from both the viewpoints of collecting and pure musical enjoyment if Victor would begin such an undertaking. Would you please let me know if you have any information on the reissuing of this album?

M. ADELE LOWRY.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A company source states that there are no present plans for re-issuing the "Gurre-Lieder," largely because the demand for a set of its magnitude—fourteen sides—is not sufficiently large. However, there is no technical impediment to a reissue, if the demand should grow.*

Mendelssohn's E Minor

SIR: I wonder if you could give me some information on Mendelssohn's "E Minor Violin Concerto"? Which of the several recordings mentioned in current catalogues would be satisfactory from the point of view of virtuosity, supporting orchestra, and interpretation? Could any one of them be considered outstanding? Could you comment on the English Decca release?

ELLIOTT H. KAHN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Report" on page 56 of this issue offers an estimate on the new Elman version, and some opinions of other versions.*

Cats But Not Hep

SIR: 1: What are "bo-peeps"? 2. Meaning of "ffrr"? There should be a glossary sometimes, or footnotes. We may be cats, but not all hep.

E. L. GEORGE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Bo-peep"? No. It's "be-bop"—and means "be-bop." Ffrr, "full frequency range recording."*

Thanks for the Technical

SIR: I hereby express my appreciation for the technical discussions regarding wire recorders, phonographs, and amplifiers [RECORDINGS Feb. 28]. I would be willing to subscribe to *SRL* for this feature alone. I particularly like the E. T. Canby discussions. I can hardly wait until next issue to find out what he has to say about built-in noise suppressors available in high-price amplifiers.

KENNETH S. KEYES, JR.

Warm Springs, Ga.

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"JUST RECORDS" features SCHUBERT! Death and the Maiden, Quartet (Busch) $6; MOZART: Arias and Duets (Pinza) $4.25; BACH: Complete Orchestral Suites (Busch), $15.75. Box R-92.

WANTED: Jonathan Edwards, "Freedom Will"; Turner, "Frontier American History"; Beard, "Economic Origins Jeffersonian Democracy"; Roger Williams, "Bloudy Tenent Persecution"; Aristotle, "Metaphysics". THORNDIKE DELAND, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA *(Tyler's Gramophone Shop)*	Careless (HMV)	Barnett (A)	Sabre Dance (C)	Bach Preludes (T)
BERKELEY, CALIF. *(Berkeley Music House)*	Mañana (Cap)	Cavallaro (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini (V)
BIRMINGHAM *(Stairway to Music)*	Now Is the Hour (D)	Good News (MGM)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
BOSTON *(Boston Music Co.)*	Now Is the Hour (D)	Jolson (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
CHICAGO *(Hudson-Ross, Inc.)*	Mañana (Cap)	St. Patrick's (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
CINCINNATI *(Steinberg's, Inc.)*	Sabre Dance (C)	Wild Irish Rose (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini (V)
DALLAS *(The Record Shop)*	Mañana (Cap)	Lutcher (Cap)	Sabre Dance (V)	Italo Tajo (Cet)
(Whittle Music Co.)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Square Dances (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
DETROIT *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	Ebony Rhapsody (C)	Eddy Howard (C)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(Grinnell Bros.)	Ebony Rhapsody (C)	Crosby-Irish (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
KANSAS CITY *(Jenkins Music Co.)*	Mañana (Cap)	Phil Harris (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	1st Piano Quartet (V)
MIAMI BEACH *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	Mañana (Cap)	Dorothy Shay 2 (C)	Sabre Dance (C)	Mozart G minor Symp. (C)
MEMPHIS *(Words & Music)*	Now Is the Hour (D)	For You Alone (C)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini (V)
MINNEAPOLIS *(Don Leary's, Inc.)*	Mañana (Cap)	Nellie Lutcher (Cap)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker (V)
NASHVILLE *(MUSOUND System)*	Now Is the Hour (Cap)	Nellie Lutcher (Cap)	Sabre Dance (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
NEW ORLEANS *(Van Husen Music Co.)*	Sabre Dance (MGM)	Square Dances (Cap)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
NEW YORK *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	Sabre Dance (MGM)	Look Ma, I'm Dancin' (D)	Steber (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(Dynamic Electronics)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Look Ma, I'm Dancin' (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(Haynes-Griffin)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (V)	The Swan (C)	Graduation Ball (V)
(Heins & Bolet)	Because (V)	Songs of our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(Liberty Music Shops)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Look Ma (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini (V)
(Rabson's)	Fiddle Faddle (L)	London Suite (L)	Sabre Dance (V)	Peter Grimes Excerpts (ED)
OMAHA *(Lyon & Healy, Inc.)*	Mañana (Cap)	Lutcher Album (C)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PHILADELPHIA *(Jacobs Bros.)*	Shine (Merc)	Duchin Album (C)	Oberon Overture (V)	Berlioz-Romeo
(The Record Shop)	Mañana (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PORTLAND, ME. *(Cressey & Allen)*	Mañana (Cap)	Twin Piano (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Eroica Symphony (V)
PORTLAND, ORE. *(The Record Shop)*	Mañana (Cap)	Como Album (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini (V)
ROCHESTER, N. Y. *(Esler's)*	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Annie Get Your Gun (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Moldau (C)
SAN FRANCISCO *(Sherman Clay Co.)*	Mañana (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
ST. LOUIS *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	Mañana (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
WASHINGTON, D. C. *(Brentano's)*	Mañana (Cap)	Blue Danube (L)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)

Key: A—Apollo C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice MGM Merc—Mercury T—Technicord V—Victor

Leaders: Khatchaturian continues the unequivocal preference of phonograph devotees as their favorite composer of 1948. His "Sabre Dance," in one version or another, is the leading classical single disc in sales with twenty-four stores (fifteen prefer the Victor version, nine the Columbia), and the complete "Gayne Ballet" outdistances the runner-up in album sales, by fifteen to five (Tagliavini versions of opera airs). He even usurps a little favor in the "popular" field, with three stores listing the "Sabre Dance" as their leading seller. However, thirteen others agree that the choice is "Mañana," sung by Peggy Lee. No popular album is specially favored at the moment, with Nellie Lutcher in three stores, "Look Ma I'm Dancin'" two, "Inside U. S. A." two and Decca's "Songs of Our Times" (a scattering among various years) reported by more than one outlet.

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